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HON. WILLIAM F. CODY.
(BUFFALO BILL)

DEADLY-EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT.

BY BUFFALO BILL,
The Celebrated Scout, Guide, and Hunter-Author.

CHAPTER I.
A BYWAT of outlaws, a wild-looking but picturesque camp scene far out in the "land of the setting sun." Upon every hand, here and there dotted with a timber-island, a cool and refreshing covert from the heat of the plain. Miles and miles of land, unfurrowed by the plowshare, untitled by human hands, stretch away in boundless expanse as far as mortal vision can sweep.

Winding its silvery length along, like a huge serpent crawling across the rolling prairies, is a clear and lazy river, its waters cold and in-

one of the larger of these mottes, which break the monotonous expanse of level landscape, is the bivouac of bandits. The day is far spent, the sun is near its setting, and its last rays cause the tall trees to stretch their shadows far out over the waving grass, which, under

the influence of a light wind, resembles the restless waves of the ocean. Into this encampment of outlaws I would have the reader accompany me, in imagination, for there he will behold a scene never to be met with amid the boundaries of civilization,

where Law holds its grip upon the throat of rapine and murder. A wild and striking assemblage of horsemen, dismounted and gathered in groups, either preparing their evening meal around the blazing camp-fires, or else indifferently lounging around, awaiting the completion of the culinary arrangements. A strange set of human beings of many tongues and costumes, but with the buckskin leggings, flannel shirt, and slouch hat predominating. Men outlawed from the homes of civilization; men upon whose brows rests the curse of Cain, and who are branded, far and wide, as a brotherhood of bandits.

Brave souls, many of them; dashing, daring and gallant fighters, but turning the gifts God has given them to prey upon the lives and fortunes of their fellow men.

Amid that motley group may be seen the deserter from the army of the United States, the lively Frenchman, the florid Englishman, the beer-loving German, the swarthy Spaniard, the half-breed, the full-blooded Indian, and the American.

All are a bold and reckless set, held in check by one man, who, half reclining before a bright fire, is watching the movements of his negro cook, and ever and anon addressing some word to the three or four of his comrades grouped around him.

The sun is sinking toward the horizon, where fleecy clouds await to cast their veils before the face of the gorgeous luminary, that the curtains of night may be drawn around the world; lingering glances of sunlight fall athwart the prairie, and, penetrating the deep recesses of the "timber island," gild the silver-mounted accoutrements and arms of the bandit chief, at the same time casting a ruddy glow upon his dark, handsome, but cruel face—a face showing no sign of joy at beauteous nature spread out upon every hand, nor softened by the sweet trilling of the birds in their leafy homes, and indifferent to the thought that his life hangs by a slender thread.

Once that elegant but powerful form had been clad in the uniform of an honored cavalry officer of his country's service, and the dark and lustrous eyes had, amid the brilliant saloons of the distant cities,

"Looked love into eyes
That spoke again."

But that was long ago, and Time had brought many changes, and branded his once proud name with infamy.

Fully six feet in height, and of a supple, graceful form, the chief of the Branded Brotherhood was clad in a suit of buckskin, pants elaborately worked with beads, and fringed down the outer seams.

Instead of moccasins his feet were incased in high-top cavalry boots, armed with huge spurs, and a blue silk shirt and Mexican jacket, profusely adorned with silver buttons, completed his costume, excepting a gray slouch hat, with exceedingly broad brim, turned up on one side and half encircled by a black plume upon the other.

The hands and face were burned as brown as the sun and exposure could make them; a heavy brown beard, of a like shade, with his long, curling hair, completely hid the lower features of his face; but his nose was straight and firm, his forehead broad and intellectual, and his eyes strangely fiery and savage in expression, while within their inmost depths was an expression hard to fathom, for at times it looked like fear, again was expressive of sadness, and at others of hatred and mischief.

His men knew him only as "The Chief," and along the frontier he was called "Captain Henrico, the Bandit;" but what was his real name none knew, or from whence he came, only it was surmised that he had once been a distinguished cavalry officer, who, having been dismissed the service for a crime committed, had taken to the plains as a highway robber, until, in a few years, he had organized the band of which he was chief, and which had spread terror far and wide along the border.

The steed of the chief, a splendid-looking, iron-gray mare, fed near by, and serving as a resting-place for his arm was a Mexican saddle, with a belt containing two revolvers and a bowie-knife, which Captain Henrico kept near at hand.

The persons immediately surrounding the chief consisted of the negro cook, a cunning-faced, wiry fellow, black as a coal, and who never, sleeping or waking, went without his revolver and knife, which he kept in a large leather belt around his waist.

It was said the negro, whom his master called Buttermilk—as a contrast to his color—knew more of the chief's life than did any one else, but, if so, he was never known to betray that knowledge. Then there was an Indian scout, a powerful and evil-looking Sioux, who had betrayed his own people and then sought refuge in the outlaw band, and, thoroughly knowing the whole country, Captain Henrico found him an able ally.

There were, also, two others, both white men; one a square-framed, brutal-faced man of forty-five, whom Henrico had made his second in command, and the other a renegade trapper and hunter, who, having robbed his comrades, a few years before, had sought the band for protection.

Turning to his officer, who was impatiently watching the rather lazy preparations of the negro, Buttermilk, Captain Henrico remarked in a voice strangely soft and pleasant for one who led his wild life:

"I see no reason why the train should not fall easily into our hands, for they must cross the river at a point near here."

"Yes, chief; but if we wait for them to come up here the troops will have rejoined them, and now, you know, the Injun here says Captain Le Clyde and his troopers are off on a scout and the train has only its own men to guard it," returned the lieutenant, who hailed to the name of Red Burke, both on account of his red hair and beard and his bloody deeds, for at heart he was a perfect brute.

"The chief's right. You hear me talk, Red Burke, kase ef we wait for them fellers here well and good, for yer see, they'll come onuspecting like right onto our trap; but ef we goes out on the prairie to fight 'em, then we'll get some hard knocks and no pay."

"You see I've been in that train, as I told the chief, and I knows what I've talkin' about," and the trapper squatted down on the ground near the chief, who replied:

"You really went into their train, Long Dave?"

"You bet! I just told 'em I was a hunter as was going to the forts, and I tell you they has just got a ticklish lookin' set of fellers to tackle."

"They axed me 'bout you, chief, and ef I thought they'd run across you, and of course I told 'em no, and they said ef they did you'd have to git up early to catch them napping."

"How many fighting men are there, Long Dave?"

"Some forty, or more, big boys included, and then there's the twenty troopers under Captain Le Clyde, who you might count on, for he just goes scouting around you see, and has taken a shine to one of the gals in the train, and he's going to be on hand when it comes to a row, you bet."

"Which way did the cavalry go when they left the train last night?"

"That's jist what I was going to find out when I seed that devil of a fellow they calls Dead-Eye a-comin' across the prairie and I jist lit off for these diggins, you bet, chief, kase I knows that fellow and don't want him near me."

"You refer to the Unknown Scout?"

"Yes; the fellow is getting mighty bold of late."

"He is, indeed, and I would be willing to pay a round sum to take him, for he has thwarted my plans more than once. Well, we'll lie in wait for the train here, and to-night, Long Dave, you and Black Wolf must start out and bring me the exact whereabouts of both the train and the troopers, for this rich harvest must not be lost for want of reaping."

"Now let us have supper, Buttermilk, you lazy dog."

"You be lazy too if you have to cook tough ole buffalo bull a thousand year ole," grumbled the negro, who always had a way of answering back whenever addressed, and which his master appeared not to notice, but would severely punish in any one else.

Just as night set in the chief and his three comrades fell to and were soon enjoying the really delicious meal which the culinary skill of Buttermilk had prepared.

An hour and more passed away and the bandit camp was as silent as a "city of the dead," for the men had rolled themselves in their blankets and sought their rest, excepting the half a dozen sentinels who had been set to keep watch all round.

Now and then the howl of a hungry wolf out on the prairie broke the stillness of the night, or the startled snort of a horse was heard.

Then again all was quiet, until suddenly there rung forth the sharp crack of a rifle, followed by a loud death shriek.

Instantly every man in that camp was on his feet, excepting one, and that one was a sentinel who lay dead where he had fallen beneath the aim of an unseen foe.

In silence the band awaited, the chief at his post, and all ready to meet an expected attack; but slowly the minutes passed and no other sound was heard to prove an enemy near, and the prairie looked free of danger.

But presently another sharp crack of a rifle rung out, a light flashed out upon the prairie, and momentarily a horseman was seen by its glare.

Then a dozen voices cried out:

"Dead-Eye!"

"The Unknown Scout!"

Beneath his aim another bandit had bitten the dust.

In angry tones the robber chief cried:

"Mount! and after him, men! A thousand dollars for his scalp!"

There was mounting in hot haste and half a hundred horsemen swept out from the dark covert of the timber and spread over the starlit prairie in pursuit of a small, dark object, dimly visible, flying swiftly from the human blood-hounds upon his track, but so rapidly distancing them by the remarkable speed of his horse that, ere long, in despair of ever capturing the daring foe, one by one the bandits returned to camp to talk over, around the replenished camp-fire, the mystery that hung about the life of the Unknown Scout and wonder at his many marvelous escapes from death.

CHAPTER II.

THE UNKNOWN MARKSMAN.

WHEN the horseman, who had so daringly approached the bandits' bivouac and laid two of their number dead beneath his aim, sped across the prairie with a score of horsemen at his heels, he had urged his horse to a speed which caused him to soon draw out of range of their rifles, for he was mounted upon a steed that had never found an equal on the plains.

Having kept up his swift flight for a few miles, and observing that his pursuers had given up the chase, the horseman halted and dismounted to give his horse a short rest.

His eye now caught a ray of light upon the eastern horizon, and then, as though rising from the ocean, sailed upward the moon, launched forth upon her heavenly voyage.

Intently watching the rising moon the horseman suddenly started and bent his gaze more earnestly over the prairie, for across the bright face of the luminary he distinctly saw several dark objects gliding.

Yes, one, two, three, four horsemen—nay, more, several more, like silent specters, glided by, going at a swift pace in a southerly direction.

Instantly the horseman turned and tightened his saddle girths, and then looked well to his weapons ere he prepared to mount.

Standing as he did then by his horse, and in the clear moonlight, which fell full upon him, he was a striking-looking man, of perhaps twenty-seven years of age.

His face was browned most thoroughly, but every feature was cast in a perfect mold, and each was indicative of stern resolve and conscious power.

The eyes were deer-like in size and expression, and would have been the envy of any woman on account of their dark beauty, and the fascinating expression which dwelt in them—an expression that none could fathom.

His forehead was broad and high, his nose slender and straight, and his mouth stern, determined, and perhaps with a look of daring thereon amounting to recklessness.

An imperial, worn look, and a drooping mustache were all the beard he wore, and his brown, wavy hair fell down his back nearly to his waist, giving him a still more effeminate look.

His form was just six feet in his moccasins, yielding in every movement, and with broad, square shoulders, that indicated great strength and agility.

Upon his head he wore a regular Mexican sombrero, exceedingly broad in brim, and surrounded by a scarlet crepe sash, with the ends hanging down behind, while his form was clad in a richly ornamented suit of buckskin, consisting of hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins.

If the rider deserves notice so also does the steed, a large, long-bodied, clean-lined bay, possessing every requisite for great speed and endurance, qualities he possessed to such an extent that his master had named him after the sea-bird of tireless wing, only calling him Prairie Gull.

The saddle and bridle were of Mexican pattern, and a long horse-hung lasso hung from the saddle-horn, upon either side of which were two holsters with the butts of silver-mounted revolvers protruding therefrom, while behind the seat was a tightly rolled serape or blanket, a leathern haversack and ammunition pouch, and a bow and quiver of arrows, proving that the horseman did not put his whole trust in firearms, his knife and the speed of his steed.

Having at length discovered the direction taken by the horsemen, whose presence near at hand the rising moon had betrayed, the horseman sprang into his saddle; a word to his noble animal and he was off, skimming the prairie almost as does the sea-gull skim over the sea.

A rapid gallop of two miles and the tall trees of a motte loomed up before him; and a few moments more placed him beneath the dark shadows of the timber.

Then, turning, he glanced out over the moonlit prairie. His eyes fell upon the dark forms of half a dozen or more horsemen coming directly toward the motte.

"Well, I hold the vantage ground thus far, and I'll not yield it without a struggle, whoever they may be," and the horseman pushed further into the dense thicket, where, dismounting, he spoke a word to his horse and the faithful animal lay down, the better to conceal him from view.

A few moments passed and presently the horsemen entered the motte and the murmur of voices was heard; then a bright light glared through the trees.

"As I thought, they came here to camp for the night, and now I'll see who they are," and the horseman arose and stealthily approached the spot where the new-comers soon had a bright fire blazing, around which he beheld a group of seven human beings, five of whom were Sioux warriors, in all their war-paint, and the two others pale-faces, a man and a woman.

Stealing still closer the horseman observed that the steeds had been staked, as if for the night, and that the Indians were preparing their supper of buffalo meat toasted on the coals, while the whites stood listlessly by, their hands behind them, and the expression of their faces proving them to be prisoners.

"They are certainly not residents on the border. I have it; they belong to the wagon-train now coming hither and which I must warn of the presence of the Branded Brotherhood in this neighborhood; but, indeed, that maiden is most beautiful," and the horseman gazed intently upon the fair prisoner, a young girl, of scarcely more than seventeen, with a truly lovely face, although saddened by her captivity.

Her wealth of golden hair had become loosened from its confinement, and hung in wavy masses far down her back, concealing the rude bonds that held her hands behind her.

She wore a straw sun-hat and was clad in a riding-habit of neat home-spun, but which was torn by the rough usage she had received at the hands of her savage captors.

Her white companion was a man of perhaps twenty-five, his face bold and reckless, and with a fair amount of good looks.

He was attired as a civilian, in a suit of dark, gray cloth, wore cavalry boots, and a dove-colored soft hat.

The horseman took the whole scene carefully in, and then thought:

"Well, there are five against me; but what should I care for five Sioux braves! Those prisoners must be released and 'I bide my time and do it; so here goes."

The spy quietly settled himself full length upon the ground, and with the patience of an Indian awaited until the supper had been disposed of and the Indians had prepared for the night's rest, after having securely bound the captives to a tree.

One of the warriors then shouldered his rifle and moved off to act as sentinel, while his four comrades rolled themselves in their blankets and stretched out before the fire.

The Indian sentinel first cautiously advanced toward the edge of the motte and took a careful survey of the moonlit prairie, after which he made a rapid circuit of the timber, his eyes keenly glancing far and near for lurking danger.

Having apparently satisfied even his cautious self that all was quiet and safe, the Indian approached the camp-fire once more, coming in a line that would lead him directly upon the crouching horseman.

Slowly he approached, wholly unconscious of danger until within a few feet of his foe, and then his eye fell upon the dark object in his path.

But, ere he could draw back or utter one cry of alarm, the horseman was upon him, his iron grasp upon his throat.

One, two rapid knife thrusts, and the Indian sentinel was "off duty forever."

But the almost noiseless struggle had caught the quick ears of the yet wide awake Sioux around the camp-fire.

In alarm they sprang to their feet, one to fall dead across the burning logs, a bullet in his brain, another to utter his dying war-whoop as a leaden messenger from the horseman's repeating rifle pierced his heart.

Bounding from his covert with a wild, prolonged, ringing war-whoop, one well knowing the border, the horseman rushed upon the two remaining red-skins, but in dismay they had turned to flee, for their unseen foe had every advantage, and rapidly through the timber they darted to seek safety.

A long, shrill whistle then pierced the grove as the horseman sped after them; then another shot was heard, and a fourth warrior fell to the ground in death agonies, while, brought to bay, the remaining red-skin turned to meet his enemy. Raising his rifle the savage fired hastily upon his rapidly advancing foe.

But his aim was untrue, as a wild war-whoop from the pursuer at once assured him, and the next moment the two met face to face armed with their glittering knives.

The Indian warrior, a man of herculean frame and strength, might have given the horseman a desperate encounter, but, just as their knives clashed, there came a rapid clattering of hoofs, and from the dark timber dashed Prairie Gull, neighing loudly as he rushed to the side of his master.

Believing a host of horsemen upon him the Sioux brave uttered a whoop of terror, and, ere the horseman could prevent, had darted away and disappeared in the thicket.

"Old comrade you have frightened that red-skin almost to death," laughed the horseman, as his steed halted beside him, and then he continued:

"Let him go, poor devil, but sooner or later his time will come. Out of five scalps I have taken four, and those should suffice. Now to release the prisoners."

Quickly retracing his way toward the camp-fire, the horseman soon stood in the presence of the prisoners, saying in a pleasant voice:

"Cheer up, my friends, for I have charge of this ranch now."

"Oh, sir, you are very, very brave and noble, and you have saved us," cried the maiden, seizing both of the horseman's hands, as soon as her own were released from their bonds.

"And I offer my thanks, sir, for I deemed it all up with us," said the maiden's companion, and both of them gazed earnestly into the face of the splendid-looking man before them, who replied indifferently:

"No thanks for performing one's duty; but you are not safe yet, for there may be more red-skins about, so we'll get away from here at once. You are not too tired to stand a rapid ride, Miss?"

"Oh, no, sir, and it cannot be far to the wagon-train, for we only left it about an hour before sun-set."

"On what trail were you, can I ask?"

"We were en route toward the head waters of the Republican River, sir, on the trail from Fort Hays."

"Then your train is within twenty miles of here and doubtless encamped upon the river for the night. If you will aid me, sir, we will take in the little lot of cattle the red-skins have killed us and decamp."

A few moments more and the horseman and his new-found companions were mounted and rapidly leaving the motte, carrying with them the ponies that had been ridden by the five Indian warriors. It was with perfect trust that the maiden and her fellow captive yielded to the guidance of their brave companion, for he had informed them, in answer to a question of the young girl, that he was called Dead-Eye, the Unknown Scout, a name often heard by them around the nightly camp-fires, and connected with deeds of marvelous daring and mystery.

CHAPTER III.

A TRAITOR IN CAMP.

UPON the banks of a small stream, and beneath the shelter of a few scattering prairie trees, a large wagon-train was encamped during the night on which the scenes related in the foregoing chapter transpired.

There were fully half a hundred wagons, with their covers, once snow-white, but now stained brown by exposure and travel; while, staked out upon the prairie, were herds of horses and cattle, enjoying the rich verdure around them.

The wagons were encamped in a crescent form, with either end resting upon the river bank. Within the space thus inclosed a score of bright camp-fires were shedding their ruddy light far across the prairie.

Through the camp was a scene of busy life, preparing the evening meal being the principal duty in progress. There appeared to rest upon all a shade of sadness, for from their number two were missing, and around their camp-fire their absence was sorely felt, for, a few hours before, they had started forth for a gallop over the prairies, and a scout coming in reported that they had been captured by a band of Sioux Indians.

But what could be done? Night was coming rapidly on; it was camping time, and until the morning no move for their recovery could be made, for it was impossible to follow the trail of the Indians in the darkness.

The wagon-train consisted of a dozen families, their teamsters and guides, moving from the boundaries of civilization to the prairies of the far West, there to build themselves new homes and new associations, afar from the haunts of their childhood.

With one family particularly, among these daring pioneers, we will have to become friends, kind reader, for they will occupy no inferior place in this romance of life on the far West.

In that family were five persons, consisting of Major Austin Conrad, his wife—a sad-faced matron of forty-five, a son of twenty-two, Gerald Conrad, and a daughter of seventeen, the joyous and beautiful Sibyl. Then there were a niece of the major, and his ward, Ruth Whitfield, a dashing, brilliant-looking brunette of twenty, who had once been a belle in her native city, until financial reverses had reduced her once proud parents to want, and cast her upon the bounty of her uncle.

Major Conrad was an ex-army officer, who in early life had seen much service on the frontier, but had at length married his cousin and settled down to private life and the enjoyment of his riches.

But reverses had at last befallen him and he was almost crushed beneath his sorrows and misfortunes, until his brave wife begged that he would leave the scene of his troubles and find a new home far in the rich western country.

New life seemed instilled into the major at the thought, and two months after found him en route for a home on the border, accompanied by his loving wife, noble children, and his niece.

Joining a western moving train they decided to accompany the emigrants, and the major, upon account of his military experience and former knowledge of the country, was made the captain of the expedition.

Without serious mishap the train had wended its way for many weary miles, and then it came into a country where the brave pioneers felt that danger was upon every hand.

But, undaunted, they pressed on, well knowing that if they could once get a foothold and establish a settlement, they would be able to bid defiance to all troublesome bands of Indians and the desperate band of Branded Brotherhood, who, rumor said, warred upon all settlers on the frontier.

At length they met with their first serious mishap in the capture of Sibyl Conrad and Howard Talbot, a young man who had joined the train ere it departed from Kansas City, and who, by his genial manners and undisputed courage, had won the esteem of every one in the pioneer band.

Sibyl and Howard Talbot had ridden forth to look up a good camping-ground for the night, they had declared as their intention, and a returning hunter had reported that they had been suddenly surrounded and captured by a band of Sioux warriors.

The hunter had then concealed himself in a motte until the Indians had disappeared with their prisoners, and then coming rapidly to the train had brought the evil tidings that dealt a sad blow to all, for Sibyl was loved by all who knew her, and what might be her sad fate none knew.

Slowly the hours of night passed away in the encampment on the stream, and with the first glimmer of day in the east all were up and busy, for a band of twenty horsemen, led by Major Conrad and guided by the hunter, who had seen the capture of Sibyl and Howard Talbot, were preparing to start forth to the rescue.

Suddenly a cry of alarm was heard, and the guards reported a body of horsemen approaching, and through the dim morning light a small cavalcade was indistinctly visible.

Nearer and nearer they approached, and as the daylight grew brighter the cry of alarm turned to one of joy, for the forms of Sibyl Conrad and Howard Talbot were recognized, accompanied by one other, a tall, splendid-looking horseman, followed by a number of led animals.

Quickly the cry of the guards was taken up, and then through the entire encampment resounded the notes of joy, until, as the party rode up, a ringing welcome awaited them, and their friends gathered around in delight at their return.

Instantly Sibyl was folded in the arms of her loving parents, and warm grasps met the hand of Howard Talbot, who, in a few words, made known to them their brave rescue at the hands of the Unknown Scout.

"The Unknown Scout! You are then the man that is called Dead-Eye, on account of his wonderful marksmanship, and whose past

life none on the border know," said Major Conrad, advancing quickly and gazing intently into the handsome face of the man before him, and upon whom every eye was now turned with admiration and awe, for his wonderful career and the mystery hanging about him were known far and wide, and invested him with a strange charm.

"I am called Dead-Eye, sir, and I am glad to have served your daughter, Major Conrad; but, can I ask, as I learn you are destined for the head-waters of the Republican, why I find you bearing so much out of your way to the southward?" and the Unknown Scout spoke modestly and as if anxious to turn the conversation from himself.

"We are under the guidance of an experienced plainsman, sir. Yonder he comes now," replied Major Conrad.

The Unknown Scout turned around at the words of the officer and glanced in the direction of the coming man.

It was the hunter and guide of the train—a man of almost giant frame, attired in a suit of buckskin, and with a face scarred in such a manner by a knife cut across the nose and cheek, as to give it a most forbidding expression.

One glance at the hunter, and Dead-Eye exclaimed:

"What! that man your guide! Red Dick, do you know me?"

With a bound the Unknown Scout was in front of the hunter, whose brown face turned white, and his eyes lighted up with a malicious expression, as he said savagely:

"A man who has left a mark on me such as I bear is not soon forgotten, I'll take my Exile oath."

Instantly the giant hunter drew a long knife and stood at bay, as though expecting attack, while the Unknown Scout quickly drew his own keen blade and appeared as if about to advance upon him.

"Hold, guide! Hold, sir. There must be some mistake here, for this man has been a most faithful guide and was strongly recommended to us," and Major Conrad stepped forward between the two men.

"There is no mistake, Major Conrad. This man is a renegade desperado and we have met before, as he well knows. Stand aside, please, and let Red Dick prove his boasted words to me; whenever he crossed my path," and the Unknown Scout's face became hard and stern, and his nerves like iron, and he quickly stepped nearer to his foe.

What deadly feud existed between these two men? What terrible deed was there to be avenged by one or the other? None in all that band of hardy pioneers could tell, and with terrible interest they gathered around and watched the two central figures.

A step nearer advanced the Unknown Scout, his eyes ablaze and fastened upon Red Dick, who, somewhat nervously awaited the expected attack, which now seemed imminent, for none present seemed called upon to interfere.

But, suddenly, a slight and graceful form glided in between the two men, and the tiny hand of Sibyl Conrad was laid upon the arm of the Unknown Scout, and the beautiful face upturned to his, while her sweet voice said:

"Surely, one so brave, so noble, would not stain his hand unnecessarily with blood, in the presence of women and children."

The face of Dead-Eye flushed, his knife was lowered immediately, and he replied in deep, earnest tones:

"Lady, you know not the accursed life of this man, or you would not plead for him; but, it shall be as you request."

Then, turning to his burly enemy, the Unknown Scout continued sternly:

"Red Dick, this lady has prevented an encounter that should have ended in your death or mine, and now I bid you leave this camp or by the God in Heaven you shall die."

The giant hunter turned an earnest look into his foe's face, and reading there only deadly determination, said:

"I'll go now, Scout, 'cause you hold the winning card; but Red Dick will be on your trail hot in the future."

So saying he wheeled away, walked to one of the wagons, and, taking his rifle and accoutrements, mounted his tall, raw-boned horse and departed, leaving the Unknown Scout master of the situation.

But hardly had the huge forms of the exiled horse and rider disappeared over a roll in the prairie when suddenly he reappeared, and at his back rode over a hundred mounted Sioux warriors, who came rushing down upon the train with discordant yells and the war-cries of their tribe.

(To be continued.)

Idaho Tom,

THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND;
OR,
The Hunters of the Wild West.

"Our driver assures me there is no need of fears on that score," replied the elder man. "He is very extravagant of associations, father, as well as of oaths and language unbecoming a gentleman."

"Tut, tut, my child," protested the father. "You would scarcely dare say so much of him at the station. Stage drivers always have had a lien upon the admiration of their associates, no difference how low and debased. Their profanity and vulgar sayings are taken in as readily as though every word and oath was the embodiment of wit and humor."

The conversation was here interrupted by the stage stopping in front of a long, low cabin, in the rear of which were stabling and other buildings, indicative of a way-station for relays. The halt was only for a few minutes, long enough for the driver to change horses, or rather to have it done.

At this point two more passengers were taken aboard. One was an old man with gray hair and whiskers, but firm, elastic step. The other was a young man of prepossessing appearance. The former got inside the coach, and the latter mounted the box with the driver.

Then the coach rolled away. The old man proved a very communicative and agreeable companion. He resided at Carson City, had been a miner at Virginia City, and with all the surrounding country. He set aside all fears of danger by assuring his companions that there were no road-agents along that part of the route.

Quick, the driver, and his young companion became quite agreeable—as much so, at least, as was consistent with the dignity of James Bartholomew Quick. The traveler passed his cigar-case, and, not to be outdone in hospitality by such an insignificant youth, James passed his ancient friend—his bottle. With these sociable indulgences they entered into conversation.

The driver asked no questions that would imply a want of knowledge, but answered all that were put to him with an air of vain importance.

"How long have you been on this route?" the passenger finally ventured to inquire. "Three or four years, I believe," was James' reply, given in a careless, off-hand way.

"Are you much acquainted in Virginia City?"

"I think so," with a smile.

"How far is it to the City?"

"Well," drawled James, "twenty or thirty miles."

"Quite a ways yet; especially for my old friend, who has had a tedious day's travel. We were afraid we would not be in time at Hurricane Station to catch you, so we hurried up and were nearly blown when we reached the station."

"You've been out prospecting, of course," suggested Quick, evading a direct question.

"Yes, for the trail of some of those fellows that's been troubling you old stagers."

"Indeed! Then you are vigilantes, eh?" said Quick, growing somewhat easier under the conviction that he might be entertaining a man of some note. He passed his bottle again immediately, this time out of the spirit of sociability, and, from that moment on, the two "spirits" of the man began to flow with their characteristic ease and smoothness.

"Stage-driving and the detective business," he said, gathering up therein in a firmer grasp, "are among the most dangerous callings of the day; stranger, and if I do say it myself, none but the courageous venture to engage in them. The difference in staging and your business is this: a driver has the responsibility of a team and their proper guidance, upon which always depend more or less human lives; while a detective has only himself to look after in case of trouble. Even now, should a shower of Indian arrows assail us, I would be in duty bound to stick to these ribbons to save the stage and those within, while you could jump off and run for it and it'd be nobody's business. I would have made a good detective, stranger, but there isn't quite excitement enough in it for me. My spiritual organization requires a great deal of stirring excitement. To be a good detective in this country a thorough knowledge of the topography of the place is absolutely necessary. Moreover, a knowledge of human nature is required. But I'll bet a month's wages that I know this country over and over, better'n any man in Nevada. I've been out before, stranger, and the driver rounded off his period with a grand flourish and crack of his long whip.

"You ought to be on our force, driver," said the passenger, in such an earnest tone that Quick failed to detect the sarcasm in it.

"If they'd pay me according to my ability, I might venture to try them while."

"Suppose I recommend you at headquarters."

"I've no objection," and the whip put in the usual period.

By this time it was dusk and objects were growing very indistinct. The road was rough and stony, the iron tires of the wheels grinding and crunching along with a direful sound that started the echoes of the young night.

They finally descended into a lonely, desolate valley, on either side of which overhanging walls of gray rock shot upward into the sky. Every ray of light was excluded from their way. It seemed as though no one could follow such a course in such Egyptian gloom. But all trusted to the superior knowledge and nerve of their driver. James Quick was conscious of the trust and honor reposed in him, and felt an inward delight over the fact.

Slowly the coach crept along the black defile. The wheels sliding, ground the fire from the stony road. The huge springs creaked and groaned like things possessed. The coach swayed and tipped violently.

Suddenly the coach stopped. The low sound of voices was heard in advance.

The old detective put his head out at the door and demanded:

"What's the matter, driver?"

"Shut up," was the response from a strange voice.

"Friends," said the old man excitedly, "we have been stopped by road-agents—robbers! If you have any valuables, conceal them quick!"

The girl uttered a little cry of alarm.

"Pass me your jewels, Vida, or they will be torn from your person," said the father.

Vida removed her jewelry and reaching over placed the articles in her father's outstretched hand.

"I have not—" began the father, but he was interrupted by two masked men who, approaching the door, said:

"Passengers, keep your seats, and if you would avert blood-shed, don't offer the least resistance. There is an old man in here that we want—nothing else but 'hard-pan'."

The robber opened a dark lantern and flashed its light into the coach.

"That's the man we want," the masked road-agent said, pointing to the old detective with his revolver. "You'll hop out now, old

man, without a word, and go with us. We're here to take you, dead or alive."

"Climb out, old sleuth-hound!" cried another of the agents, and his words were repeated by a dozen others.

Without a word the old man got out and was led away.

"Now passengers," continued the leader of the band, turning his revolver upon the elder of the two men, "we'll trouble you for your valuables—be in a hurry, too."

"Excuse the lady from the demand, captain," said a voice at one side.

"The lady is excused," was the captain's generous order.

"Thank you, sir," was Vida's reply.

The men gave up their pocketbooks, watches and weapons. The robber-chief thanked them with mock politeness, then compelling the young detective in the boot to dismount, ordered the terrified James Quick to drive on, which order he was not slow in obeying.

As the coach rolled away the elder traveler said:

"Thank God we have been permitted to escape with our lives!"

"But we are financially ruined," said the other man, sadly.

"Yes; every dollar we had in the world is gone and all our hopes are blasted."

The girl burst into tears.

"Oh father! I was afraid of this," she sobbed. "Our escape from death is miraculous. Those road-agents were not violent men. Plunder, and not human life, seemed to have been their sole object; though, what they will do with that old man and his companion the Lord only knows. But as to our situation: what can we do now? We are ruined. Our enterprise will fall to the ground. The boys have no doubt got through with our outfit and are waiting our arrival; but when we get there what can we do without means?"

"Nothing," replied the other.

"Don't despair, father," said Vida; "a kind providence permitted me to save my diamonds. They will bring a handsome price—sufficient to enable you to go on with your mining speculation. It is well they did not search you, or they would doubtless have got the jewels also."

"Vida, my child, I have not your jewels," replied the father.

"Why, yes, father, you have, certainly. I placed them in your hand just as the robbers opened the door. I reached across and placed them in your open palm."

"It was not my palm, daughter."

"It was somebody's hand—an outstretched hand that I could not see in the dark; but I felt the hand—felt the fingers close upon the jewels before they were fairly out of mine."

"Daughter, there has been a serious mistake. In the darkness you placed them in that old man's hand. He heard me ask you for them. It was his voice that bade the robber excuse you, Vida, from giving up your valuables—I know it now. Fools that we have been! All is plain now, when it is too late."

That old man was a robber—an accomplice of that gang—no doubt the leader. To him, my daughter, you gave your jewels."

Vida again burst into tears.

The stage rattled on through the darkness. In silence sat the three passengers brooding over their loss.

At regular intervals the stinging crack of the driver's whip rung above the clatter of hoofs and rattle of wheels.

And rounding the towering foothills, the glimmer of a hundred lights burst suddenly upon the view, and a cry of joy escaped the lips of the travelers.

They were at their journey's end.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE DEN OF MOLOCK, THE WOLF-HERDER.

WILD DICK, the Boy Hunter, and his young companion, stood as if rooted to the spot with inward terror, when they beheld the mouth of the cavern closed behind them, and fully realized the magnitude of their danger.

They knew at once what had been the fate of Frank Caselton and Billy Brady.

Two men, followed by four gaunt, fierce-looking dogs, issued from the shadows of the wall near the mouth of the cavern.

"Stand!" yelled one of the men in a coarse, savage tone, "or by the gods of Olympus I'll sick the dogs on ye, and tear ye limb from limb."

Wild Dick knew that these men were certain of what they said—certain of their power over the two youths, and saw at once that resistance would be useless.

"It's no use to fight, Perry," he said; "the odds are against us. But if they were alone, I'd fight them both; but them wolfish-looking dogs are trained to their work. We may escape if we surrender—at least, it's our only hope."

"Do as you think best, Dick," answered Perry.

"Do you give up?" demanded one of the outlaws, for such they doubtless were.

"The numbers are against us, it is true," replied Dick, fearlessly; "but, what assurance have you to give us that we will be treated as humans—as boys who mean no harm?"

"It's not for you to make conditions. We know our business, and that we can gather you up in, as we did a couple of your friends a while ago."

"We're not so easy gathered in as you might think, if we are boys. We can shoot you two down anyhow before your dogs reach us; but, strangers, we are peaceable boy hunters, and have no desire to shed human blood, however vile it may be. I think you are mistaken as to our object in coming to your stronghold, and will give up in hopes of a peaceable understanding."

The two men advanced cautiously toward the boys, who gave up their weapons and then followed their captors toward the northern side of the valley.

A minute's walk brought them to a tall, og house which stood under the towering cliff that formed the northern boundary of the valley. From the north-east corner of the house to the perpendicular wall of rock extended a kind of a stone fence nearly ten feet in height. Beyond this fence arose a low, snapping and snarling sound, as though a hundred hungry, quarrelsome dogs were herded together.

A damp, sickish odor pervaded the air.

One of the men pushed open a ponderous door and led the way into the building. The room was lighted with a sputtering lamp.

It was poorly furnished with all else save weapons. It looked like an arsenal, and was as strongly built as a fortress. In one corner Dick and Perry saw the weapons of their friends, Frank and Billy.

One of the men, turning to the boys, said: "My larks, you'll climb that ladder to your crib."

The boys ascended the ladder into the loft, their burly captor following them. At the head of the stairs was a door opening into an adjoining room. It was heavily barred and bolted. The door opened outward, and being unfastened by their captor and opened, Dick

and Perry were shoved into the room—the door closed and barred upon them.

"Och! and by the sweet Virgin, and here's our b'ys now!" were the words that greeted Dick and Perry as they entered their prison.

Frank and Billy were imprisoned there. "You're here, are you, boys?" called out Dick, unable to see his friends for the darkness that pervaded the place.

"Yes; we have all been caught in the same trap," responded Frank. "God only knows what'll become of us—what our enemies intend to do with us."

"Nothing human, I dare say," said Dick; "we are in the clutches of villains—robbers; who will never let us go to visit vengeance upon them. No, boys, we need entertain no hopes of mercy or liberty—we're elected."

"There is no possible chance of escape," declared Frank. "I have explored this room thoroughly. I found a little air-hole on the north side, but you can scarcely get your head through it. The roof at the lowest point is all of twelve feet from the floor. The whole structure is strong as a felon's cell."

"I wonder what time it can be?" asked Perry.

"Nightly morning, I should think," answered Dick.

"When daylight comes we can see what show we have for escape. We might get our power our guard when he brings us something to eat."

"S'pose he don't bring us anything?"

"Why, then the jig will be up with us," replied Perry; "we deserve to suffer a little for getting, open-eyed, into such a fix."

"It was a careless piece of business," acknowledged Dick, "but we'll have to make the best of it now. These men are the same that were abroad last night on tame buffaloes. I saw two of the animals as I came up across the valley; and the third one with a rider passed Perry and I in the cavern of solid logs."

"They are outlaws and robbers, no doubt, of the vilest character."

"By's," put in Billy Brady, "it's no use whinin' over spilt milk, and we might as well dance as cry," and suiting the action to the word, Billy sprang to his feet and clipped off an Irish jig that made the left floor fairly rattle, and the outlaws below swear with rage.

The noise created by the youth started a fearful snarling and howling of wolfish voices outside, under the little window or "air-hole" mentioned by Frank.

The boys held their breath and listened.

"What's making that noise, Dick?" inquired young Caselton.

"It must be a pack of hungry dogs, though it sounds more like wolves."

"It's a wonder the place has never been found before, if it harbors robbers and cut-throats."

"Perhaps it has been found, but the finder never escaped to tell the story."

"That may be," sighed Frank.

"Daylight soon came, and dispelled the gloom from the prison. Only a few shadows lingered. The boys could now take in the situation without trouble. The walls were of solid logs with no opening save the one little window about six inches square. The roof was beyond their reach; escape from the apartment was utterly impossible."

Frank finally went to the little window and looked out. He recoiled with a cry of surprise and a shudder of terror. A hundred pairs of blazing eyes, and half that number of hungry-looking faces looked up at him.

"Good Lord! look out there, boys!" he exclaimed.

Wild Dick stepped to the window and looked out. He saw a long, narrow pen, one end of which was formed by the cabin wall, the other by the great stone wall that shut in the valley. The sides were made of stone and built to the height of ten feet or more. And in this pen he beheld a hundred grim, gaunt wolves of all sizes, ranging from the large, shaggy male to the pup of a few months.

"Jaws and Gentles!" exclaimed Dick. "Boys, I'm afraid we are doomed. I know, now, where we are!"

"Y'are in the den of Molock, the Wolf-Header—a human den!"

CHAPTER XV.

PRISON HOUSE—A THUMP ON THE ROOF.

The name of Molock, the Wolf, or the Wolf-Header, was nothing new to the ears of our little party. But that such a being actually existed, none of them believed. The name was supposed to be a tradition among the Indian tribes. It seemed impossible that a human being could be so infamously cruel as the Wolf-Header was reputed to be—far more rapacious in human nature than his ancient namesake, Molock, the chief god of the Ammorites.

"Do you actually believe there is such a person as Molock is represented to be, Dick?" Frank finally asked.

"In course I do; and we're in his clutches, too. There is his herd, jowling beneath our window—clamoring for our flesh to feed their ravenous maws."

"I have heard of the name, but always supposed it a myth."

"It is not a myth, that I know, although I have never been in this place, nor even in this vicinity before."

"I have heard that he feeds his enemies to his wolves as a sacrifice to the god of the mountain."

"I reckon it's so, that he feeds folks to his wolves, but whether it is to appease the insatiable wrath of the mountain god, or his own unnatural monstrosity, I can't say; that he does feed human beings to the beasts, I am certain, and if you'll look out yonder near the base of the cliff in the pen, you'll see human bones."

A human skull and bones that were plainly visible to all, bore frightful evidence of the horrible fact.

The boys shuddered and grew pale. They took turns gazing out upon the fierce herd of snarling beasts, as if actuated in so doing by some horrible fascination.

The pen was under the mighty ledge that projected outward fully forty feet. A stone dropped from the edge of the cliff above, would not have missed the house more than twenty feet.

While the boys stood watching the herd, they saw two men pass out from the house with something in their arms. It proved to be a meat which they tossed over the stone fence into the wolf-pen to the hungry pack. Like a wave the beasts surged in upon the spot where the first strip of meat fell—fighting, tumbling and howling—a living vortex of shaggy forms.

Strip after strip of meat the men threw over, until each beast had been provided, and all had become quiet.

"Well, what can be the object in this business, Dick?" asked Frank.

"Why, money, bless you—but hark! there is some one coming."

The door was opened and Molock himself

entered the room with some bits of cold meat on a dirty tin pan. His face was bruised and swollen from the effects of the blow given him, a few nights previous, by the old trapper, Zedekiah Des.

"Here's sumthin' for you young white vagabonds to eat," he said, in a gruff, surly tone.

"You are very considerate, I am sure," said Frank, a little sarcastically.

"Oh, yes, to be sure; I want ye to keep fat, and if ye want to know why, just look out at that window and see the mouths I have to feed. Meat's scarce—very scarce."

"Arrah, man!" exclaimed Billy, "and the bastards are the devil's own children, and yees must be the devil's, y' self."

"I want none of your sass, bogtrotter, or I'll tumble you right out into the pen forthwith. I'm despit when I git set agoin'—all natur' couldn't hold me. If you young varnits hadn't a-set your noses up here whar I've not been disturbed fur years, you'd not 'a' got yourselves into this muss. If it wasn't fur one thing, you mout git off with yer hair; but then I know a thing or two. You are the very larks that pitched into us t'other night at ole Zed Dees' cabin, when I war tryin' to git a hold on that infernal Idaho Tom. You're some of that young scape-gallows' friends, and I—"

"Ye'es are mistaken, ould sorrel-top," put in Billy, looking astart at the desperado.

"Don't cross me, Irish brat," warned the man with a threatening frown. "I know you war there."

"We never seen ye'es afore, and it's a blasted liar ye are if ye say different."

Molock slapped Billy in the face.

The youth dropped to the floor as if under the force of the blow, but, planting himself upon his hands, whirled his feet through the air and drove them squarely, and with violent force, in the outlaw's brutal face. Like an ox stricken in the shambles, the man went down, the cabin fairly trembling under the shock.

With an oath that was fairly hissed between his set teeth, the man sprung to his feet with the determination of "exterminating" the cursed varmint; but the attitude assumed by Billy's friends caused him to change his intentions. With a scowl of vengeance he turned upon his heel and went out, banged the door shut and locked it.

"To the devil wid ye'es, ould bla'guard," shouted Billy at the top of his lungs.

"It's a damned shame, this affair, will tighten the cords around us," said Frank, regretfully.

"It appears that the old villain accuses us of complicity in some fight, in which he was doubtless worsted; and it will be impossible now to convince him otherwise. He will retaliate for your kick, Billy. He is a desperate man, that all can see; and I daresay he will carry out his threat, and consign us to the wolf-pen."

"If he undertakes to remove one of us, we must all pitch into him, announced Wild Dick.

"Let us die together, if die it is. We might overpower him and his friends both. Them tarred dogs are the worst enemies. But, boys, let's eat this grub. It'll keep up strength, and that's the great essential in our case."

"Maybe it's poisoned," suggested Perry.

"Can't see any gain in that, if it is. If we'd die of poison and he'd throw us into the pen, it'd kill his wolves, don't you see? It's not poisoned, boys; come on."

They all sat down to partake of the meager repast.

"Now, as I war goin' to say, when that feller come in," said Dick, helping himself to the half-cooked meat, "Molock makes this wolf-raider a payin' business."

"Oh, yes, let's hear about that."

"Well, you see that it costs very little to raise wolves here in the mountains where game of all kinds is plenty; and then it's no trouble to raise a litter of young. As soon as they've got their growth, which they'll attain in from eight to twelve months, they are slain, and the scalp and peltry taken off. The peltries are ready sale at two dollars each at any of the tradin' posts. Then each scalp, which consists of the top of the head and the ears, is worth all the way from two to five dollars, according to the State they're sold in. This part is a cheat and a swindle on the State government. California for instance, offers four dollars for the scalp of every wolf killed within the State; so you see it'll be an easy matter for Molock to raise a hundred scalps, take them over to California, and by swearin' that they were taken inside the State limits, why, in course, he'll get the bounty. I've known men to kill wolves in one territory and get the bounty on the scalps in another territory, or State, by swearin' to a lie; but I never knowed any one but Molock to raise wolves for that purpose. In course, it's easier to raise 'em, and hunt game to feed 'em, than to hunt the wild wolves. So you see he can make from six to eight dollars a head. Suppose he has twenty-five females, and each of them raises five cubs. That'd make a hundred and twenty-five head, which'd bring him a thousand dollars; and all that it would cost him besides his time, would be a little for powder and lead to shoot game to feed 'em."

"Yes, yes; I see now," replied Frank; "it is a nefarious business—one that he will not give up to save our lives. He will put us out of the way of doing him harm, depend upon it."

"By's, if ye'es 'll just boost me up a little, I'll try to raise the roof and git out." Billy evidently was ready for operations.

"You can't reach the roof from the shoulders of the tallest boy here, Billy," declared Perry, measuring the distance from the roof to the floor with his eyes.

"Well, we can try," said Frank, and as soon as they had finished their repast, he assisted Billy to his shoulder. The young Celt stood erect, balancing himself against the wall. He reached upward, but lacked several inches of being able to touch the roof.

"Too short in the middle," the youth exclaimed, turning a hand-spring backward from Frank's shoulders, and landing in the middle of the floor with a thump that shook the whole house.

There were no hopes of escape unless it lay in overpowering the guard and fighting their way out.

"I presume we are doomed to the wolf-header's will," Frank finally admitted, half desponding.

God knows whether we are to die or not in this valley. If He has so ordained, no earthly power will save us," replied Wild Dick, with deep earnestness.

A sudden commotion had arisen among the wolves; and Frank walked to the window and looked out.

An exclamation escaped his lips. To and fro between the towering cliff and the cabin, and directly over the wolf-pen, he saw a large round object oscillating like a mighty pendulum. It was suspended in mid-air by a slender cord passing over the edge of the heights above. The outlines of a human were about the form, but it was drawn up in a ball, and like a huge spider swayed to and fro in the wind on its gossamer thread.

"What does it mean?" Dick asked, curiously.

"Some devilry of the wolf header," replied Frank; "it is probably an example of our coming fate, for that is certainly a human form at the end of that rope—a human possessed of life."

The object continued away to and fro, each oscillation growing longer and longer.

Our friends watched it with bated breath, for they could not conceive the faintest idea of what it meant. But suddenly—as the ball swung toward the cabin—it left the end of the cord to which it was attached, and shot rapidly through the air like a panther on the spring.

A dull thump upon the roof told the boys where the ball had landed.

A deathlike silence pervaded the prison-room, and the prisoners exchanged inquiring looks as they listened with bated breath. They heard a sound as though boards were being removed from the roof. And so it was; an opening was soon made through which the sunlight streamed into the prison-room.

The opening grew larger, as shingle after shingle was removed.

A hole, large enough to admit the body of a man, was soon made.

Still no one was visible, but the end of a knotted rope suddenly appeared through the opening and was lowered to the floor. This was followed by a pair of moccasined feet, a pair of legs incased in buck-skin, and the shoulders and head of an Indian who slipped down the rope and stood on the floor before the astonished boys.

A cry of surprise burst from every lip. It was the Indian boy, Bold Hoar, that confronted them!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 284.)

JOHN JONES—HIS HORN.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

He had a brass horn, had Jones; a thing like a snake, all twisted and curled about; with many a comical opening.

Where the wind went in, and the noise came out. It had long handles to pump in air. And when Jones set them all in play you'd have thought that brazen-throated imps were keeping a devil's holiday.

Jones was a fellow of monstrous vim. With lungs like a ten-horse blowing fan, and the chap that thought to discount him was a very sadly cheated man.

He played short stop in a local ball club. He pulled first stroke with a college crew; and when John Jones threw up the sponge I tell you things were looking blue.

In a sky parlor Jones he dwelt. And I kept house on the floor below. He wore the light velvet prize-ring belt; and, bless us! how the man could blow. Patent-extension lips he had.

Steady arms, and a nickel-plated throat. And he went stark, staring, raving mad. When the thing let out its first wild note.

Oh, Jones he blew! And Jones he pumped! And Jones he fingered the great bassoon. Or whatever they called the blasted horn. That rung like a thunder-cloud in June. I stamped, I danced, I swore, I squirmed.

But louder and louder Jones he blew. He was practicing a marching air. For the Great Untrifled parade.

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INTO town one day, when town is out of season. Away from the breezes and music and grays of the seashore, flying along the rail with shrieking whistle, and clanging bell, and clatter, and dash, into the piles of brick and stone. Not that one need grieve at leaving the seashore when the breezes are cold, fierce winds; its music the dismal plashing of high-driven tides, its grays a settled monotony of dreary water, of dripping clouds, of dank fogs; but to rush away through rain and wind to find the sun setting with gorgeous promises of settled weather and intolerable heat at one's journey's end is rather afflictive.

What can't be cured must be endured.

How tantalizingly those old saws will intrude upon one's reflections sometimes! In this case we are bound to admit the force of the argument. We are in for a warm, long, tedious day. We may as well make the best of it. How many of our weary sisterhood are forced to plod tirelessly through months of these days! How many heads of families labor unceasingly, without thought of change, or rest, or pleasant summer sojournings, under the sultry sun among the radiating walls of heated stone! How many little children grow pale and weak, and sick and die, in these close and crowded streets, without even a knowledge of blue sweeps of sky and green stretches of meadow and white drifts of sand and crisp winds sailing over pearly cool seas! And we are impatient, and murmur, and make our moan!

We lean back among the cushions of our carriage and are trundled down the avenues and great streets, where an unusual dearth of fashionable display prevails. Here, Thomas! Here at this glove store. With what obsequiousness the clerks hasten to pay attentions, and inquire what can be done for mademoiselle. Yet mademoiselle has been here without a carriage, and when she chanced to be more simply attired, and had great difficulty in getting a salesman to show her any gloves but those made for *de commerce*. She remembers this now with a little inclination to feel severe. But, after all, it is the way of the world to worship appearances; why blame these servile imitators of those who, knowing more, do no better! Besides, it is never well to waste opportunities for kindness, and too often do we forget to be courteous in our dealings with those of our fellow-creatures who earn their bread by waiting in the shops where housewives spend hours in idle shopping.

Mademoiselle has no difficulty in having the best gloves shown her now. For only the best does she ever purchase. A woman who desires to have well-fitting, durable and neat gloves will find that it is the fairest kind of economy to purchase cheap ones. Buy a thoroughly good imported article, the real French make being superior to all others; procure a nice fit; mend carefully upon the wrong side every tiny rip as it appears, and a lady will have a pair of gloves that will outlast three cheap pairs, and look stylish to their end.

But such a digression! Mademoiselle selects a pair of pearl-tinted, a pair of ravishingly delicate greenish white, and another of substantial brown—long-wristed and always tenderly devoid of any fancy stitching. Then she rides away, bowed out with all the grace and empressment of French servitors.

Now, to this shop that is a prison-house to so many women and girls. Poor, weary shop-girls! Cooped up for ten hot, tedious hours behind a crowded counter. To-day the throng ebbs through the building as great as ever. One element in it noticeable: the cool, simple, inexpensive attires donned by the high-bred who dare to stay in town. It is easy to tell who is who, even under the endlessness of modern female attire. There is a presence, a pervading personality, a restful self-possession and graciousness about a thoroughly well-bred woman that makes itself powerfully felt even in mere passing contact with her.

Away again, to other shops; and at last to be whirled down through the great heart of the city, among the scenes made furious sometimes by Bulls and Bears, along the crowded piers, to a ferry steamer. Out on the bright, busy river. Soon on the other side. A quiet drive along the shady, deserted streets of those beautiful Heights where aristocracy and opulence walk hand in hand. A call on a dear one whose summer time holds only confinement within the gray and gilded walls of her sick-room. Fond words and messages delivered and interchanged, and then back to the town, lying hot and throbbing under the August sun, to a cozy dinner.

Sunshine and clouds alternate now, and a crystal flood shimmers down through the silvery light that pervades earth and sky. Only a passing shower that came gratefully to the heated benches, and the swarming sparrows, and the little dirty children who scream with joy as they dip their tiny bare feet in the cool drops. So a sorrel team is brought round, and stand shaking their pretty heads before the light open carriage. Away we speed; up the avenues this time, where the promenaders are few, and those evidently not out merely on show. The great houses are nearly all tightly closed. Coachmen drive their horses slowly out to the park for exercise. The nurse-girls, with their be-friended little charges, are few, or than at any other season of the year.

Carriages troop along the broad drives, but their inmates are no longer a gaudy, glittering throng of supercilious nabobs. Nabobism is below par, just now, in the park, and making a splurge of itself in more fashionable, but far less lovely regions. For under the yellow sun, after a week of rain, those sweeps of velvet sward, these grand forest kings, these glades of shrubbery, these vine-draped arbors, these bubbling streams and glimmering lakes, never looked more beautiful. Their spring-time was not equal to this full summer perfection.

Away up, and along, the river. Few racers on the roads now. In the summer twilight back again; studying the pleasant family groups and absorbed couples we meet; breathing the fragrance of the dewy park; with ringing hoofs along through the monotonous rows of lamps. And so, after all, pleasantly passed a day in town out of season.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

Chat.—The portrait of Mr. Cody, given on our first page, is from a photograph. Unlike most likenesses in papers, it is exceedingly accurate in feature and expression. The resolute nature of the man stands out in that fine countenance, and yet you see only the gentleman there—a truly genial, honorable man. Though the hero of a thousand daring exploits, Mr. Cody is one of the most companionable and admirable of good fellows.

A leading Baltimore newspaper, who evidently carries conscience into trade, writes a long, refreshing letter regarding the character as well as quality of the several popular weeklies, giving this paper pre-eminence, saying among other things:

"The service of the SATURDAY JOURNAL in the field of a pure and moral literature is a great and noble one, and I hope that God may speed the good work."

That "good work" being the supplanting of other papers whose influence he regards as deleterious to readers, and he adds:

"I now sell three times the number of SATURDAY JOURNALS I formerly sold, and the number of— (a certain weekly paper of questionable character) has been reduced from twenty to four. May it cease entirely!"

There is no excuse for stories of a vicious character. Readers of popular literature prefer what is good to what is bad. We have no author on our list of brilliant contributors who would write an impure story, and if they did we would not publish it.

Our Mr. David Adams is now in Europe for relaxation and observation. The trip arranged by Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, for six weeks' hunt in Wyoming and Colorado, fell through at the last moment, by the failure of the Boston expeditionists to "come to time," and then it was too late to get up another party. So the great scout put off the horseback campaign until next year and Mr. Adams turned his face eastward. Our readers may hear from him in Notes On the Run.

HOW TO MAKE HOME MISERABLE.

Don't get up in the morning like a sensible and Christianlike individual, but throw yourself out of bed, and then growl because you can't find your boots and stockings. Mutter something about not being able to find things where you left them, and forget how you threw them under the bed beyond your reach when you retired for the night. Go down stairs and growl because breakfast is not ready; demand to know the reason. Maybe your wife will tell you she was up most all the night trying to quiet the baby. Of course you'll tell her you knew nothing of that; how should you, when you were snoring away in bed at the time?

Tell your wife you think she is growing very careless as to her personal appearance, that she doesn't keep her hair looking as neatly as she did in other days. It's no use her telling you that she was up all night with the baby, that she was worn out and hadn't the time. Of course she is making mountains out of mole-hills, and complaining unnecessarily. It is very singular that your mother was never "worn out"—that your mother always had "time" for everything—that she never complained because the baby cried. No; she was a woman who always knew what her duty was, and did it.

When you get through that tirade, just complain because there isn't any hot meat or warm bread for breakfast, and remark that you have gone by for prudent and thoughtful housekeepers.

When these words seem to lose their musical charm for your wife's ear, you can remark at the extravagance of your mother-in-law in squandering her husband's hard earned savings by keeping up a fire all night just for the sake of walking about with a fretful child. "You know you could have wrapped the baby up in a shawl and the exercise of walking would have kept you warm. Coals are too high to be squandered in so needless a manner. But if you must be so wasteful, you might have made up some cake or pies, and thus made the fire of some use. But women are so thoughtless! If wives had to work for the money, maybe they'd contrive to make it go a little further. I never saw so ill-regulated a household as this. You never seem to have a pleasant smile or cheerful look for me. Meals are always late. When a man comes down to breakfast he wants his wife to look cheerful and pleasant. In my mother's house everything went like clock-work. The times are degenerating and the perfect woman is long ago."

At this moment your wife asks you, somewhat timidly, if you would mind watching the baby while she gets a few moments' rest. Resting in the daylight! Sleeping while the sun shines! Of course you never heard of such a thing! Night is the proper time for repose. Taking care of a child is not the work for a man; besides, you ought to have been at the store an hour ago; having breakfast so con-foundedly late will make you unpeppery at the store, maybe lose your situation, and then, what is to become of you! A few moments lost every day will count up at the end of the year, but you are not to blame, and it is a pity you should be made to bear what is not your fault.

Your wife thinks that, perhaps, as she is so worn out, she had better go live with her mother and get some rest for a week or two. "Preposterous idea! Not to be thought of on any account. A wife's place is in her own household, and she should never depart from it. This notion of being so tired is all imaginary. Make a firm resolve that you will not give way to such foolishness and you will soon overcome it. I never get worn out, and, mercy knows, if any one works hard I do. But, any sensible person knows that a wife never thinks of the hardships a husband has to go through. As long as he gets money enough for her to spend, she don't care."

And so you dally round the house, seeming to forget what you have said about being late at the store. You poke your nose into the cupboard, not to see what is needed, but to see if you can't discover something that has been

wasted, in order to find something else to growl about.

You smoke away at a dirty black pipe when you know the smell of tobacco makes your wife faint. You spit on the stove and over the floor until you nearly turn the stomach of your wife, who is delicate.

Be sure you don't leave the house until you have given your wife a full dose of fault-finding, and fill her with happy thoughts while you are absent at your employment. Give one more parting fling about her desiring to visit her mother by telling her that her mother has already filled her mind with too many ridiculous notions as to needless rest, and you want no more of them.

Put on your hat, and, as you slam the door, remark that you will not be home to dinner.

Be assured your wife will be glad that you will not, and hope you will not come back until you can growl less. EVE LAWLESS.

Foolsap Papers.

At Auction.

Good evening, gents; glad to see so many friends on hand again, and all of you on foot, with your faces festooned with smiles and your hands on your pocketbooks, for I shall show you an art by which I can remove every cent in them, including the dollars, and the trick is merely selling you articles so very far below cost you'll have to go clear down to the south pole to find it out. I want you to buy yourselves rich, and if you haven't any money your neighbor has, for I won't trust.

The first article I pick on is a pick-ax, which is the pick of the lot, brand new, and it has never been handled, as you will observe the handle is missing. This pick alone is warranted to bring you in an income of two dollars a day if you will just keep it rising and falling in price, but it will come as near to it as any other; it will roll you out of bed at any desired hour of the morning; it will roll up your sleeves and pin 'em, and roll up votes at the election. What's bid? Ten cents! Take it and roll out your money.

Now, gentlemen, here is a very beautiful ebony ruler with which you can make straight lines or lay your boys over your knees and make them straight, for it is a poor ruler that won't work both ways; and I'll throw in a bottle of ink that will never fade from your shirt bosom if you should get it on them; and a gross of steel pens with which you can all sit down and write odes to me as being the greatest benefactor of the age; and I'll throw you in—I'll throw you in a mud-puddle if you don't buy. How much for the lot do I hear from the house? And sold.

How much, gentlemen, for this wire bird cage? It will hold the most beautiful bird in the world; if you haven't any bird you will find it a great pleasure to put a stuffed one in it and do the whistling yourself. Sold at one bit, and another one bit.

Now we have one set of glass tumblers lacking one, the other one tumbled. You will observe that they are empty and I'm sorry for you. Imagine what would go in them; and I'll throw you in a glass lamp so you can see what you are putting in them—a lamp that will give almost as much light in the dark when it is out as when it is in, and is warranted to throw light on the deepest subject or cast every thing else in the shade. Hold! I'll throw in this three-bottle castor for vinegar, pepper-sauce and mustard, or you can improve on it and make it brandy, whisky and gin, and what are you willing to risk? Fifty cents! And sold.

Now, this is a drawing-knife, with which you can eat cold meals in the drawing-room, or draw a lottery prize with, or draw a portrait, or if your razor has lost its grip, you can shave yourself with it, and I'll add this ear-trumpet with which you can hear what your neighbors are saying about you, or hear the thoughts your girl is thinking about you; and I'll add this pair of steel-yards with which you can weigh your own actions, and your own words, or weigh anchor; if you put that hook in your waistband and hold yourself out, you can tell how heavy or how light you are, or expect to be; and it's warranted to put a good character. Who'll take the batch? That old bachelor, at one dollar.

Ah, here we have it, and it's a clock, made by old Father Time when he hadn't anything else on hand to do. One hour on this clock you'll find as good as two hours on any other clock, because it will keep so much better time, for it is pure time and unadulterated. Remember, it shall not be sold on tick, and how much do I hear for it? A dollar, by two! My Christian friends of the worldly persuasion, you certainly don't value time very highly, when there is so little of it in the market. That wouldn't pay for getting the clock fixed. There is more brass on the inside of it than there is on the outside of this whole crowd—with your gold watches thrown in. Who'll start this clock at a reasonable figure? This clock can't be started, eh? Well, well, it may run itself down, but it doesn't show its face before you for the purpose of having you run it down, so I'll wind the clock sale up.

Here is the globe, which is the exact imitation of the earth upon which we auctioneers barely live when people don't bid any faster than you do tonight, showing the exact way that it stands on three wooden legs, with a bona fide wooden equator. You see it is painted in many bright colors to amuse the children, but it is not flattened out at the poles as some of you are on election days. Here is New York, and if you had a magnifying glass, you could see what everybody is doing in the whole city. Will anybody bid on the globe? Nobody on the globe will bid.

Here is a bunch of assorted keys. With any of these keys you can open anything; you can open a bank if you wish, or open bolts; examine them and see if they won't open your mouth, so as you can bid. You can get into trouble with them or get out; one of them is a key to algebra; and I'll throw in this grindstone with which you can sharpen your sight to see the valuable chances you lose in bidding as you do not, or doing not as you are bid. Will anybody start the grindstone? You won't! Well, then, it shan't go, so I'll re-turn it and shut up the shop, and let business remain dull.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

He who follows the truth, carries his star in his brain.

Topics of the Time.

—A photographer in San Francisco made a likeness for a man who refused to take the picture, claiming that it did not correctly represent him. He thought it made him uglier than the reality. The maker used to recover the pay, and in the trial the picture was put in evidence and shown to the jury. The jury, by their verdict, decided that the defendant was as ugly as the photograph.

—A young Englishman recently drove a velocipede four miles in twenty minutes to fetch the fire-department of a neighboring village, saving a good deal of property thereby. The velocipede is by no means a "played out institution." It is such a sensible and exhilarating mode of exercise that we may safely prophesy its return to favor. Base-ball and billiards have now become so associated with "natches" and betting, and very questionable company that young men will again recur to the neglected velocipede for sport and healthful exercise.

—Are the Spikesees back? Inquired Mrs. Stubby, who hasn't been out of town this season. "Yes'm," replied the cook, "and Mrs. Gaddy got home from Saratoga last night."

"Then, Mary, you open the front shutters and let it be known that we've got back, too." Perhaps our readers think this is a joke, but it isn't, unless a "solemn fact" is a joke. We are told that in one block up-town there are twenty-two houses closed, shutters down, and only the cook at home to answer that the family is off for the summer; when the fact is the family is closely closeted in the back rooms and go out only by stealth in the evening for exercise—thus playing the contemptible farce of seeming what they are not.

—The steamer Fanny was coming down the upper Mississippi loaded with pig lead. As she was going over a shoal place the pilot gave the signal to leave the lead. The only man forward was a green Irishman. "Why don't you have the lead?" he asked. "The lead is in the hold," answered the pilot. "The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard. The mate, in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river. The captain, running to the deck, asked: "How much water there is?" "The lead is in the hold," answered the mate, and the mate's gone down to see how much water there is."

—The question as to whether there is any such thing as spontaneous combustion of the living human body, is decided by M. Chassagnol, of Brionne, in the following manner: "I have examined the accounts on record, absolutely in the negative. Many authors have affirmed that, though, on these occasions of alleged combustion, burned with a blue flame, and diffused an empyreumatic odor, but these characteristics are met with in many kinds of combustion; instances have also been sought for by M. Chassagnol among alcoholic drinkers, especially among women, but without success. The idea has been that the alcohol in drinkers takes fire; it is a fact, however, that dead bodies, or portions of dead bodies, burn but very slowly, even after having been steeped in alcohol for some days.

—Great stories of rattlesnake-hunting come to us from Pennsylvania. In Pike county, of that State, enormous numbers of these fierce reptiles still exist. A Mr. Dupuy, from Ohio, fishing along Snake Creek, came upon two dead of the real *crotalus*. In one, he was told, the snakes were of various sizes from two and a half to four and a half feet in length. He set to work dispatching them, and in less than fifteen minutes he had killed forty-nine, the rest making their escape into the rocks and underbrush. A den near Sandusky, Ohio, we ourselves have seen hundreds of the creatures lying basking in the sun—blacksnakes mixing freely with the rattlesnakes. The blacksnake is perfectly harmless, but is not a match for the rattler, when they do fight.

—And, speaking of the rattlesnakes, we have the following remarkable story, from Virroqua, Wis. Of a family of three children the two elder ones went to the barn to find hens' nests. They found one, and carried it to the house, and then thrust their hand forward to get the eggs, when he quickly withdrew it, saying the old hen had bitten him. The other said he wasn't afraid, and thrust his hand forward, when he, too, was bitten. But then, screamed, which quickly brought their mother to the spot, when it was discovered that they had been struck by a rattlesnake coiled in the nest. The mother seized the little boys in her arms and hastened to the house, where a new horror met her gaze. In her haste to secure the boys at the barn, she had set down a boiler of hot water, into which the babe had fallen. In thirty minutes all her children were dead.

—Roses are now all the rage among English people. The entire kingdom of Great Britain appears to be engaged in cultivating its emblem of royalty. The red rose of Lancaster and the white rose of York once deluged the island in blood. Roses of all hues and varieties now perfume the country. "Rose shows" are the features of the season in the provinces, while giddy "grouse" at the Crystal Palace, in which everybody participates and for which costly prizes are offered, stimulate competition. Rose culture in this country never has attained to the dignity of a mania because the number of hardy varieties is limited, and all the Bourbon and China roses are only carried through our winters by lifting in pots each fall and housing, or by carefully burying in the garden-beds—too much trouble for the results obtained.

—King Victor Emanuel, of Italy, is a natural-born hunter. He ought to have been a "Hood-kind" ("Buckler") and thus have had a natural right to our Western hunting grounds. He is now in his summer encampment, in the mountains, at Valsavaranche. A tent is reserved for him, another for the officers of his household and the guests who successively arrive. The dining-room is formed by a sort of arbor. Only there does Victor Emanuel abandon his practice of taking his meals alone. At a little distance are the tents of the chamois-hunters, whom the king takes with him, and the attendants, the cooks, the groom, and the valets generally used to go to the ground he intends to hunt. A small Arab horse, which paces over the steep slopes of the mountains with a boldness which is terrifying. A torrent which flows near the camp furnishes the water for drinking, cooking and the toilet which are not complicated. On a late occasion the king killed twenty chamois. As a chamois is one of the shyest of animals and most daring of all climbers, to kill twenty is a great feat, certainly. Buffalo Bill must look out for his laurels.

—Florence, the comedian, is a wit of the Tom Hood kind—he hits hard. He wrote a poem which wasn't read at the lord mayor of London's great dinner to his royal guest, the sultan of Zanzibar, now on a visit to England. The wit makes the sultan say:

While they're plenty of slaves of their own,
I've seen 'em
They could show me scores of strong white
brutes
Who kick their wives with their hob-nailed
boots.
They could show white slaves, now mark my
speech,
Who make men's shirts for a penny each.
They could show another sickening sight,
The crowd in the casual ward at night;
The gin-shops, too, with gas and glare,
And the sodden slaves collected there:
The reeking slum, the arches dry,
The corpse on the tides—for slaves do die:
Show me all these, then, please if you dare
Of free-born Britons, my lord in the chair.
But I am Seyd of Zanzibar,
And not a Seyd, thank my star,
I hate your cant; 'tis balderdash,
I want less gab, I want your cash.
Guroo, Guroo, belaid, Bangash.
John Bull never had a sharper thrust. Florence
ought to be suppressed.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. presented for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not sent or wasted, in all cases our choice rests first upon merit of fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as to "copy," third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, bearing on each page as it is written, and carefully giving in its full or page number.—A rejection by us means implied a want of merit. Manuscripts, available to us as well worthy of one.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information regard to contributions. We cannot write letters except in special cases.

Declined: "Rosemary's Choice," "The Seer's Promise," "A Glad Survey," "The Eleven Elect," "Minerva the Priestess," "A Sham Fight," "Old Godolphin's Home," "The Bow Unbent," "A Summer Storm."

Accepted: "Outgambled," "Uncle Abe's Mission," "A Culinary Experience," "How Two Women Waited," "Sporting in the Everglades," "A Big Harvest," "Why We Ran the Rapids," "Johnny Bent's Show."

T. S. H. The New Orleans and Galveston steamers come at Havana.

MARIA L. E. Mrs. Willard's school in Troy is yet continued. Mrs. Willard is long since deceased.

MISS J. H. W. "Belles and Beaux" weekly not now published. MS. therefore of no use. No stamps for return.

C. O. Philadelphia. We do not think a publication of the kind you name at all demanded, and do not care to consider it.

H. W. Richmond. The book you name is one of Reynolds's romances published by Peterson, of Philadelphia.

Q. Q. C. We have no knowledge of a match that can be used several times.—See Beadle's Dime Base-Ball Guide for the best scores of the best players.

NUMISMATICIAN. Your coin is old Roman of the Emperor Vespasian's time. It is described in the Numismatist Manual, and is worth about seventy-five cents.

DISGUSTED HOUSEKEEPER. Scatter powdered alum on the shelves and on the ants infest. Powdered borax scattered thinly wherever the croton bugs and cockroaches travel or abide, will expel them at once. It is a sure expellant for the croton insect. As for flies, we know of no remedy so good as to net your windows and keep them out.

JAPANESE. The largest of the Pyramids is 481 feet high, and 630 on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length, and the layers are 308. It employed 330,000 men in the building. Its chief object seems to have been to serve as a place of sepulture for the king who built it.—Cheops.

JOHN HOPKINS' SON. When you hear of \$50,000 being paid for any horse, set it down as a pure fiction. The prices reported as paid for some great racers are as follows: Kentucky, \$40,000; Norfolk, \$15,000; Lexington, \$15,000; Kingfisher, \$15,000; Glenage, \$10,000; Smuggler, \$15,000; Blackwood, \$30,000; Jay Gould, \$30,000; Dexter, \$30,000; Thorne, \$30,000; Jim Irving, \$30,000; Goldsmith Maid, \$30,000; Starline, \$30,000; Prospero, \$30,000; Consal, \$30,000; Larkin, \$30,000; and so on. \$35,000; Clara G., \$30,000; Pachomata, \$35,000; Edward Everett, \$30,000; Auburn horse, \$13,000; Judge Fullerton, \$30,000, etc., etc. Remember that these are jockey prices and draw your own inference.

M. D. Madison. The manufactured butter called oleomargarin is used largely on hotel and restaurant tables, but not in private houses. It is not readily detected, except by experts, who tell it is more by its grain than by its taste. It is made from beef and is very sweet, and said to be perfectly wholesome; but, after all, it is not so good as the real butter, and is not as sweet butter, but as "the best Orange dairy."

DICK TALBOT. Can supply back numbers from 1871 to date, at the personal request of the reader. Our care.—Joe Jot, Jr., is so modest that, like the sunfish, he prefers to bloom and blush without people lifting their hats as he passes.

GEORGE TARR. No, toads not only are perfectly harmless, but are great benefit in destroying ugly worms and bugs. In England the gardeners gladly pay four shillings apiece for toads—at this price the best and cheapest destroyer of insects, which infest plants. When you find a toad take him home and drop him in the garden, and never do so wrong a thing as to kill one.

OIL CITY READER. You are misinformed; petroleum is found in nearly all parts of the world. The famous wells of Bangoon in India, and in the region of the Caspian, have been known since the Christian era, and still afford oil abundantly. Asphalt, which is a partially evaporated petroleum, was employed in making the mortar used for building ancient Nineveh and Babylon. At Baku, in Persia, on the Ionian Islands, on the banks of the Tiber, and on the island of Trinidad, petroleum wells and springs have long been known. Petroleum was discovered on the Luneberg Heaths, in north Germany, and promises to convert this once barren and worthless tract into a sort of Eden.

HARRIS B. We see no other dignified course to pursue than to bid him go his way. If for so slight a reason he will forsake you, it only shows that he only wanted a pretext and does not love you. If he did love truly he would not seek a pretext, nor let your brother's opposition influence him. Let him go and seek for other associates. It will be far better for him, and for you, if he goes. He is a better creature, indeed, in the only proper course.

SUSIE M. Saratoga. It is just as bad taste to dress in one extreme of fashion as the other. A well-bred lady will never be the first to don a new style; neither will she cling to a fashion until it becomes quite obsolete. Always study to dress neatly, carefully and becomingly, keeping within the bounds of all reasonable fashion, and if you are not a slave to fashion, you will find it a very easy and pleasant thing to do.

JENNIE DALY, Wilton, writes: "If a young lady makes an engagement, and afterward the gentleman who waits on her desires to get married, what should she do?" If she loves him, she will probably do as he requests; but a gentleman ought to be very careful not to place a lady in such awkward positions without excellent reasons.

"Doctor," Greenwood Lake, writes: "I have met a young lady whom I desire to marry. She is not very respectful, and I am not like her very much. For a time we were thrown constantly together. Lately she has declined meeting me, as she is already engaged, and says we shall become either more or less than friends, if we see each other. Do you think I have a right to try to win her, even yet, since she is the only woman I ever loved, and I know she loves me? A lady who is engaged should not hold herself free to accept the advances of other gentlemen, nor, under ordinary circumstances, should a gentleman think of paying his addresses to such a lady. But if a term of intercourse has revealed that you have already revealed the lover to such an extent that the lady dare not trust herself to such a lady, it is no reason why you should not 'try to win,' since the lady had better learn her own heart, beyond a doubt, before she enters into a marriage."

ELIAS B. Baltimore, asks: "Years ago I was engaged to a young man, and corresponded with him. I am now married, but he has always retained my letters. Now he is about to marry my cousin, and I am very anxious to get my letters. Would it do for me to send to him for them?" No. Your husband is the proper person to request their return, and altogether it is a matter that should have been attended to when you first broke your intimacy with him. For you to address him concerning them now would be to put yourself in his power, and should be a lingering regret that would place you in a most unpleasant light.

ADRIE BENTLEY, Roselle. If your lover objects to your dancing round dances, you should not think of doing so, even though he may not know of it. If you do not love him well enough to please him while he is your lover, you will not be likely to heed his requests when he is your husband. We advise you to either decide to respect his wishes, or to give him up and wait for a lover who will allow you to indulge in your "favorite amusements."

NEED Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

NO. 2 of the new series of TWENTY-CENT NOVELS, containing

ALBERT W. AIKEN'S

Noted Romance of the Cincinnati Mine,

KENTUCK, THE SPORT,

is Now Ready! It is the second issue of the celebrated DICK TALBOT STORIES. The succeeding stories will soon follow—thus presenting these remarkably interesting and popular romances in beautiful form and at exceedingly cheap rates. In this form they will have an enormous currency, and the richly deserve, for taken all in all, they are the most original and striking productions that American Fiction literature has seen since the days of Cooper's "Pathfinder" and "Deer-Slayer."

NEVER.

BY JOHNNIE DARR.

Never to see your face again?
Never to press your hand?
Never to look in those loving eyes
Till we meet in the better land?
Never to walk in the shady lane,
With your hand upon my arm,
Never to hear your voice again
In song's bewitching charm?

Never! How hard to write that word!
Never! Oh, no! for my darling one,
I shall see you oft in dreams.
Yet it seems so hard to give you up,
Now life has just begun.
I can hardly bring myself to say
"Father, Thy will be done."

I ask in vain for the healing balm
That the Lord alone can give;
Oh, darling, if we must be parted now,
I would rather die than live!
I pray in my grief, so deep and wild,
For peace for my aching heart;
My darling, have faith in our Father's love—
He will not compel us to part.

A Notable Failure.

A STORY FOR MATCH-MAKING MOTHERS.

BY EREN E. REXFORD.

"The best-laid plans of mice and (women) Gang aft agley."—*Slightly altered from Burns.*

MRS. VAN DYNE opened the letter which Cecil brought her one morning, with a very languid air. She had been thinking over the great problem of her life—how to make the little property old Mr. Van Dyne had left her cover the expenses of keeping up an appearance—and she felt tired out with the effort. She had not succeeded in bringing the problem to a satisfactory solution. She thought, sometimes, that she never should.

"Do read your letter," said Cecil, impatiently. "I want to know who it is from. Like enough some one wants us to come and make them a visit. Wouldn't that be splendid?"

"There isn't any such good luck in store for us," said Mrs. Van Dyne, as she proceeded to glance over the letter.

"I declare!" she exclaimed, pausing when she had half finished it, and looking up in astonishment at her daughter. "It seems that Helen has a lover, and is going to make a splendid match."

"Helen always gets ahead of me!" cried Cecil, angrily. "Do read it aloud, and let me know who she's captivated."

Mrs. Van Dyne read:

"Your stepdaughter has been fortunate in getting a young gentleman belonging to one of our oldest and wealthiest families interested in her. Mr. Fay had eyes and ears for no one else while she was here, and it is understood that a marriage will be the result. Helen will be doing remarkably well."

"She never mentioned it to me," said Mrs. Van Dyne. "I never dreamed of such a thing. I don't see what any one could see in her to fancy."

"Nor I," answered Cecil, with a curl of her lip. "She does well enough for a school-teacher, but I imagine she won't shine very much in society. That's always the way. Helen gets invited when I don't, and dresses better than I do, and now she'll be rich and have everything she wants, while I must get along the best way I can. It's too bad, anyway," and Cecil began to cry.

Helen Van Dyne was an only child when her father married his second wife, and brought her and her daughter to his home. The second Mrs. Van Dyne was a vain, self-willed, imperious woman; before a year had passed, Helen saw that she was not wanted there. Her stepmother felt that she stood in Cecil's way, and took every opportunity to make Helen feel that she was an unwelcome member of the household. She was a girl of spirit, and she could not endure the fault-finding of her stepmother, and the overbearing, willful ways of her step-sister; so she went away from her old home, and secured a place as teacher in a large school, spending only her vacation there. Her father had died two years before, and on his death, Mrs. Van Dyne found that she was possessed of but a small yearly income. Speculations had made Mr. Van Dyne a poor man. It was a terrible blow to her pride. She had hoped to make Cecil the envy of all her friends, but such a thing was out of the question, with a sum barely large enough to "make ends meet." But she had to accept the situation. Cecil was a pretty girl, so far as face and figure went, and her mother resolved to make a good match for her. If she could secure her a rich husband she felt that her sum of earthly happiness would be complete.

Helen had supported herself for three years past. She earned good wages, and they enabled her to dress well, and visit in vacations. She had many friends, and they were glad to keep her with them when she was at liberty to accept their invitations. These visits of Helen's were a perpetual thorn to Cecil. She was wild to go as Helen did, and fancied that she could eclipse the brightest star of the fashionable world. "If she could only get the chance." But the chance never came. She had nothing but her face to recommend her. Even if the chance had come, she could not have accepted it, for the Van Dyne income would not have admitted of a sufficient outlay to cover the expenses of new dresses and the usual accompaniments of a fashionable wardrobe. More than once Mrs. Van Dyne hinted to Helen that it was her duty to help Cecil, but Helen was happily too obtuse to accept the hint. Mrs. Van Dyne and her daughter had everything that her father left. She had to support herself, and she could not feel that it was her "duty" to work for them, when Cecil was too proud and vain to do anything for herself.

Most of her last vacation, Helen had spent in an island city, among some old friends of the Van Dynes. She had gone back to her school about a week before this letter came. "I know it is too bad," said Mrs. Van Dyne, as her daughter began to cry, "but it can't be helped, as I see. I'm sure I've done my best to—"

The sentence was not finished, for there came a ring at the door just then.

"I wonder who it can be?" asked Cecil, wiping her eyes. "If it's any one come to call, I'll have to change my dress."

The girl who had answered the door-bell came in with a card.

"Gaston Fay, Rochester," read Mrs. Van Dyne. "It must be Helen's lover. Show him into the parlor, and tell him we will be down directly."

When the girl was gone, Mrs. Van Dyne turned to Cecil.

"You had better put on your white muslin," she said. "You look best in that. If Mr. Fay is not engaged to Helen, who knows but something may happen on this visit, which will be to our advantage? You are certainly a pretty girl, Cecil, while Helen is not pretty. Put some flowers in your hair, and be as agreeable to Mr. Fay as you possibly can. I will go down now. Come as soon as you have dressed."

Mrs. Van Dyne went down to meet the gentleman who was waiting in the parlor. He rose up to meet her when she came in.

"You must excuse the liberty I took in calling," he said. "I met Miss Helen Van Dyne in the city, and was not aware that she was not here till your servant informed me of the fact, a few minutes ago."

"Helen went back to her school a week ago," answered Mrs. Van Dyne. "I am glad you called. Helen's friends are always welcome. Mr. Fay was a very handsome man; there were indications of culture and refinement in his manners, and in his face there were signs which told unmistakably of disipation. Mrs. Van Dyne saw them and wondered how Helen could so far forget her lofty ideas of pure manhood, as to encourage this man whose face was a witness against him."

Presently Cecil came in. She was certainly a pretty sight, with blue ribbons at her throat and waist, and white flowers in her yellow hair. Mr. Fay gave her a look that was full of admiration. Mrs. Van Dyne said it and was exultant.

"Mr. Fay, my daughter, Cecil Graham," she said, presenting her. "I must beg to be excused now. Cecil will try to entertain you."

Mr. Fay's call was two hours long.

"I do believe I made an impression on him," said Cecil. "He is going to stay in the village a month or more, and told me he should call often. I'm sure he didn't speak of Helen in a very lover-like way. He merely said that he met her, and being in the place, among strangers, thought he would call. He was probably polite to her, and she was foolish enough to believe that she had fascinated him."

"I think you can succeed, if you will try," said Mrs. Van Dyne. "At least it will pay to make the attempt."

"If success depends upon me, I shall be successful," laughed Cecil, craftily. "Wouldn't it be splendid to win Helen's lover away and not let her know anything about it until she had lost him?"

"We had better keep our own counsel in the matter," said Mrs. Van Dyne. "If you write to Helen, don't mention Mr. Fay's being here. She might interfere with our plans if she knew of it."

"Trust me for keeping it away from her," said Cecil, admiring her pretty face in the glass. "Mr. Fay gave me a compliment. He said I was the prettiest girl he had seen for a long time. I think that was pretty well for an acquaintance but two hours old."

Mrs. Van Dyne smiled with satisfaction. Something told her that Cecil could succeed in catching Gaston Fay if she made the trial. And if she did, there was an end to all her difficulties. The one desire of her heart would at last be gratified.

Gaston Fay came often, after that. He had evidently been charmed with Cecil's face. He was not a man to care very much for soul or intellect, therefore Cecil's lack of both did not weigh very heavily with him.

"It is strange that he never says anything about Helen," said Mrs. Van Dyne. "I think rumor must have coupled their names together. There probably was no foundation for any such conclusion as Mrs. Brevoort arrived at in her letter."

The days went by, and matters progressed to the entire satisfaction of Mrs. Van Dyne and her daughter.

One evening Gaston Fay told Cecil that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. And Cecil, exultant in the consummation of her plans, promised to marry him. She had cared for nothing but his wealth at first. Now she felt that she really cared for the man whose wife she was to be; as much, probably, as a person of her shallow nature was capable of caring for any man.

Mrs. Van Dyne was radiant with triumph when Cecil told her what had happened.

"I wonder what Helen will say?" she thought. "She will accuse us of duplicity and meanness, and all that, but I don't care now. It's too late for her to do anything about the matter."

That day Helen came home unexpectedly. She wanted some books for her use at school, and had come after them.

"Don't say anything about Mr. Fay to her," Mrs. Van Dyne said to Cecil, that afternoon. "He is coming this evening, and she will meet him then."

Helen was in the parlor that evening when Mr. Fay came.

She started a little with surprise at seeing him, and gave him her hand as coolly as if he was an everyday friend. Cecil and her mother watched both of them closely, but neither could detect anything in their conduct which indicated the existence between them of more than ordinary friendship.

Mrs. Van Dyne was curious to know if there had ever been anything of the kind hinted at in Mrs. Brevoort's letter between Helen and Cecil's lover, and that night, when he was gone, she asked her if it was true.

"You have been laboring under a very great mistake," said Helen, in reply. "I met Gaston Fay often, but he never was my lover. I am engaged to his cousin. You have taken it for granted that there was but one Fay, you see, and since this one came from the same place, you concluded that he must be the one Mrs. Brevoort mentioned."

Mrs. Van Dyne was terribly disappointed to know that after all she had failed in getting the start of her stepdaughter. She had anticipated a good deal too much.

"Cecil is to marry him," she said, by-and-by, when she had sufficiently conquered her chagrin to admit of her carrying on the conversation calmly.

Helen looked at her questioningly.

"You do not mean that?" she asked.

"Certainly I do," answered Mrs. Van Dyne, haughtily.

"Of course you understand something of his history," Helen said. "You would hardly be rash enough to let Cecil entangle herself in a marriage with a perfect stranger. Knowing what he is, I wonder that you could sanction their marriage."

"I don't know anything about him," said Mrs. Van Dyne, with an awful fear taking possession of her. "What if her plans were to prove a failure? I supposed he was the Mr. Fay Mrs. Brevoort spoke of. Do you know anything against him?"

"I know that he is a poor, worthless fellow who spent a fortune in dissipation," answered Helen. "His mother is a woman whose friendship I am proud to own, and for her sake I try to treat him kindly. The woman who marries him had better be dead. If his mother had not had a little money in her own control, she would have been penniless to-day. He would have spent the last cent of his father's property if he could have laid hands on it."

"You are telling me the truth?" gasped Mrs. Van Dyne.

"I am telling you the truth," answered Helen. "What motive could I have in deceiving you? If you do not believe me, ask those you can believe. They will tell you the same story that I have."

"It isn't too late to correct the mistake yet," said Mrs. Van Dyne. "Cecil must tell him that she cannot marry him. How fortunate that the truth was discovered in time! But my plans—they've all proved failures, total failures!" Mrs. Van Dyne could have cried with vexation and disappointment.

She went to Cecil and told her what Helen had said.

"I don't believe it," cried Cecil. "She's envious. That's all."

"I don't think so," answered her mother. "I shall see Mr. Fay myself and tell him that he must consider the engagement at an end."

"I won't give him up," cried Cecil. "She's made you believe her story, but I won't. I promised to marry him, and I'll keep my word."

"You shall not marry him," said Mrs. Van Dyne. "I believe Helen told the truth. Why should she tell anything else when she knew we could ascertain the facts by writing to Mrs. Brevoort?"

"Write to Mrs. Brevoort and ask her," then, said Cecil. "I won't give up Gaston until I know that what Helen has told is true."

"I will write to Mrs. Brevoort," answered Mrs. Van Dyne. "In the mean time you must see Fay as little as possible. If what Helen said is true, the less he visits us the better."

Mrs. Van Dyne wrote to Mrs. Brevoort. Helen went back to school the next day. Cecil managed to see Fay nearly every day. But her mother never dreamed of it. In a week Mrs. Brevoort's answer came.

Helen's story was true.

"You must tell him that his visits here must end to-night," Mrs. Van Dyne told Cecil. "If you will tell him, I will."

"I will tell him," answered Cecil, without looking up.

Gaston Fay came that evening. Mrs. Van Dyne heard him go away before nine o'clock. She breathed freer when she heard the door close behind him.

The next morning Cecil did not come down to breakfast. She went up-stairs and rapped at her door.

There was no answer.

She opened the door and went in. Cecil was not there.

An awful fear seized Mrs. Van Dyne. She turned pale and fainted.

She caught sight of a folded letter. She picked it up and read:

"I am going away with Gaston Fay. I love him too well to lose him. You encouraged me to make an effort to win him, and I did. I wish it could have been as we supposed it was, but it isn't, and we've got to make the best of it. Forgive me, I may be doing wrong, but I believe not. Cecil."

Mrs. Van Dyne gave a low, gasping cry, and sunk fainting to the floor. The servant found her there an hour afterward; she looked ten years older than she had the day before.

It has all been a total failure," she said drearily to herself. "A total failure."

I do not know where Cecil is. I do not think her mother does.

Helen is married to Gaston Fay's cousin, and is a happy woman. Her life is a grand success.

Love in a Maze:

THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

APPEARANCE ON THE OPERA STAGE.

MADAME LEONA hurried to the girl's side, when she heard her cry, and took her arm to reassure her, while she glanced somewhat sternly at the intruder.

"I see that she is surprised to see me," said Mr. Rashleigh, in his smoothest tone. "I ought to have sent up my name."

"Certainly, sir," replied the lady. "May I ask who it is? Helene, you know this—gentleman?"

A shudder ran through the girl's frame, and she kept fast hold of her friend's hand.

"She knows me well," the stranger answered. "I am her uncle."

"Her uncle?"

"Yes. She is naturally affected by the painful circumstances of our last interview. It was at the time of her aunt's—my wife's death."

Leona looked at her protegee in some bewilderment.

"This is Mr.—Mr. Rashleigh," returned Elodie, controlling her feelings by an effort.

"And he is your uncle? You did not tell me you had an uncle. You said you had no relatives."

"She meant none by blood," put in the visitor. "I was the husband of her mother's sister, and she has lived in my house since childhood, till within a few months. At the death of my wife she was assigned to the taken the management of property she was supposed to inherit."

"Ah, and it was Mr. Blount's house you left?" asked the lady.

"I will tell you all, madame, another time," replied the girl. "This gentleman has no authority over me; none whatever."

"My dear girl, do you imagine I claim any?" cried Rashleigh. "Be disabused of that idea at once. I only mentioned our relationship to excuse the liberty I took in making you a visit."

"Thanks, sir," responded Leona, speaking for the girl. "We are happy to see you. You are aware that your niece is under my protection?"

The gentleman bowed, and expressed himself glad that she had found so excellent a chaperone.

"I heard, in New York," he added, "that she had determined to adopt the musical profession; and—"

Elodie interrupted him. "How did you hear it? From whom?" she demanded.

"Well, it was talked of among your friends."

"I have no friends to tell of my affairs. Who told you of it?"

"I heard it first from Mr. Wyndham Blount."

The girl grew suddenly pale.

"Did he come to you?" she asked, faintly.

"He did; I should never have sought him."

"To give up his charge of me, I suppose?" the girl said, with a convulsion of the lips that showed her painful emotion.

"Not exactly; it was to inquire after you."

"He thought I had gone to your house—"

"No; but he wished to know what friends of your mother's or your aunt's might have received you."

"And you told him?" the girl asked, quickly.

"I told him nothing. I kept my own counsel. He let out that you wanted to go on the stage, and that he might interfere with it."

"What right had he to interfere?"

"That remains to be seen. You are little

more than a child, Elodie; and the law does not permit an infant, as it styles a person of your age, to make contracts and choose a career. Blount might establish a claim to intercept you."

"But he has no claim. I consented to stay under his charge till I found out that I must earn my own living. I was free to choose how to do that."

"No, you were not. A child can do nothing for herself. If you have no guardian, the law will appoint one."

"I want no guardianship!" sobbed the girl.

"If I understand Mr. Rashleigh," interposed Leona, "he has a better claim than Mr. Blount."

"I should think so," meekly responded the gentleman. I have been her protector from childhood. She was a mere baby when brought to my house."

"But you received pay for my board," cried Elodie, passionately. "That was paid to the very day I left! You have no right to control me because I lived in your house like any other lodger! I will deny and resist your claim."

"I have made no claim, child," said Rashleigh, quietly.

"No, he does not," repeated Leona. "I think I understand you, sir. It is not your design to interfere with this young lady's choice of a profession."

"Far from it!" protested the gentleman.

"You are pleased, on the other hand, to think she has wisely decided, and you will sustain her in her decision."

He bowed with suavity.

"Helene, my child, I regard this as a fortunate occurrence. This gentleman, the respected husband of your aunt, whose house has for many years been your home, approves and will stand by your determination. Is it not so, sir?"

"You have expressed my sentiments, madame," with another low bow.

"Perhaps you will do more, Mr. Rashleigh. Having seen how well fitted your niece is to attain eminence in the career on which she has entered, you may be willing to assist her."

The visitor hesitated.

"I do not mean with money," Leona went on, for she read his thoughts. "But it is seemly that so youthful an artist should have a friend—a relation or guardian, to negotiate engagements for her."

The man's greedy eyes sparkled.

"I understand you, madame. If you would be satisfied with the best I can do in that way—"

"Your relationship makes you best fitted for the task, sir."

"Then I would undertake it with pleasure."

Elodie glanced at him, and made a movement as if to protest against her interests being committed to such hands.

Rashleigh anticipated her objections.

"I wish it distinctly understood, madame, that I have not the slightest wish to interfere with my niece's freedom of choice. I shall esteem it an honor to act simply as her agent, under her and your instructions."

"Your remuneration shall be sure, though it may not be large at first."

"That, I assure you, madame, is a less consideration than the desire of rendering service to my niece."

The look which the speaker caught from the girl's eloquent eyes, fixed on his face, showed him that he had not imposed on her by this affectation of disinterestedness.

But the matron received it all in good faith. She began to unfold their plans. An engagement, even a minor one, was to be first secured for both ladies at one of the other operatic companies in the metropolis. Meantime Leona would devote several hours every day to the training of her pupil in the music, and the action necessary. They would sing together.

The salary of the agent would be paid out of the first avails of an engagement, and Leona was to have her pay as instructress in addition to a share as vocalist.

Elodie did not interfere in the discussion of these points. She cared nothing about money in comparison with fame. She panted only for the larger field that might open for her powers, and for the reward of appreciation.

Rashleigh took his leave as agent of the two singers. He was to proceed at once to New York and begin operations.

"I do not like it, madame," the girl said, as the door closed upon him. "I am sure he is deceiving us in some way."

"How can he? Trust me, child. I will take care he does not outwit us."

Elodie did trust her friend's judgment, and gave herself up to the lessons which were commenced with spirit.

The girl's progress in learning the appropriate action was marvelous. She had depth of artistic feeling, and power of expression equal to any part. Her native grace, with the passionate intensity of her nature, would impress the spectators, and adorn any scene. Leona was often surprised at the fervor she exhibited.

In the weeks that elapsed before the return of the troupe to New York, she had studied several entire parts, and improved her voice in solos, duets and scenes, so that she was ready for examination.

Rashleigh's report was favorable. He had talked with the managers of two companies. One had expressed a wish to hear the young lady sing.

Mrs. Brill accompanied her young friend as well as Leona, who had taken board at her house.

Elodie dressed herself that morning with exquisite taste, in her neat brown cashmere, with snowy collar and cuffs, and her velvet hat with its short veil and plume.

They were to meet the manager and one of two of his friends at a large room in the rear of a piano manufactory.

He was favorably impressed with the young lady's appearance. Such fresh, glowing beauty was an excellent recommendation.

He heard her play and sing, and was manifestly pleased. When he began to speak of business, he was told that the young girl could only be engaged in company with her friend and preceptor, Madame Leona.

After hearing the latter play and sing, he inquired into their knowledge of parts, and finally engaged both for minor characters. The debut of both was appointed for the next Monday.

Elodie felt that it would be a severe task; but she did not shrink from it. Her confidence in her musical ability was great; while the more experienced vocalist knew that her success would be more owing to her action and the attraction of a new face.

The bills announced the youthful debutante as "La Signorina Elena," an Italian just from Paris.

It was not mentioned that she was to appear for the first time on any stage. This omission led Wyndham, who had carefully read the bills, out of the way of suspicion. It had been contrived by the management of Rashleigh.

With a beating heart, and trembling with suppressed excitement, Elodie stood in the dressing room of the theater, arrayed in her white silk, with the addition of a full illusion overdress. She was to appear as the attendant of a princess. Her glossy hair was gathered closely, and confined by a white ribbon; but a few shining ringlets escaped, and clustered over her temples. She was pale for her part, but she steadily refused to put on the least bit of rouge.

"I will never wear that," she said, impetuously, when Leona tried to persuade her.

And she did not need it; for when she stood upon the stage, and met the admiring gaze of hundreds, cheered by the applause called forth at sight of a new and charming face, her friends saw the lovely color return, till her cheeks glowed like a wild rose.

The first scenes were quiet, and she had time to recover her self-possession.

Then came a duet with one of the male singers, and one requiring intensity almost beyond what the manager expected from one so young. The girl knew that her test would be here, and threw into the part her whole soul.

She felt her triumph in the rapscallion of her auditors, even before the burst of applause that followed.

When the piece was ended, a bouquet was thrown and fell at her feet. One of the actors picked it up and handed it to her. Her swift glance wandered over the row of boxes, in some trepidation. She saw Rashleigh in the stage box, leaning over the front, and earnestly watching her. He could not have thrown the flowers.

As she retired behind the scenes, she felt herself clasped in a pair of stout arms. They belonged to auntie Brill, who embraced her with effusion, as she led her into the dressing-room.

"Do you know who threw me this?" asked the girl.

None of those around her could tell.

"What is this twisted around the handle?" asked Leona. "A note—perhaps?"

No; it was simply a piece of blank paper.

But something hard, wrapped in paper, was nestled amid the petals of a half-blown rose, and fastened by a silken thread to its stem.

Elodie pulled it out, to the destruction of the flower, and opened the paper.

It was a ring of chased gold, with a beautiful opal set in the center. She gave an exclamation of surprise and delight.

Various conjectures were made as the pretty bauble passed from hand to hand; but none could imagine who had sent it.

"A lover, certainly," cried Leona. "You must wear it at your next appearance, and let him see you appreciate the gift."

"I shall not wear it at all, if it has such a meaning!" cried the girl, contemptuously. "I have no lover, and I want none."

Both the ladies laughed.

"You are likely to have many and many such offerings," said Leona. "Let me advise you not to slight them, nor to snub your admirers. They always hover around the rising stars."

"As moths around a candle," suggested Mrs. Brill.

"To be scorched if they venture too near," added the young debutante.

They were interrupted by a tap at the door, and Rashleigh presented himself, to ask if the manager might come in.

That gentleman warmly congratulated both the new vocalists upon their success.

We say nothing of Leona's, for it is of no consequence to our story—and she was known as an old favorite in concert singing. He said less in particular to the young girl than she thought she had deserved. But her more experienced friend saw that he was even better pleased than his words expressed.

The whole party adjourned to supper in a private room at Delmonico's, given by the manager.

Elodie was entirely unaccustomed to such scenes, and it struck unpleasantly on her feelings to find herself in so novel a situation.

With all her love of excitement and applause, she had much innate delicacy, and a shrinking reserve as far as herself—in her own person—was concerned.

On the stage she was in an assumed character, and found it altogether different. She could receive tumultuous plaudits, and feel sheltered in the part she had undertaken. But to know that admiring eyes were fastened on her face as she sat at a quiet meal, to have noisy congratulations offered and rather coarse approbation expressed openly; to feel that she had parted with the privacy she had as an obscure girl—was something she did not quite like.

She could not help contrasting this with the seclusion she had so murmured at, while with the Blounts.

There, she was protected from the slightest breath of flattery or free speech. Here, she felt that a rather unseemly freedom was used toward her. As the manager warmed with wine, he did not hesitate to lavish compliments on her personal charms.

Madame Leona checked him, for she saw the girl's embarrassment. She knew it was for the interest of both that a good understanding should be maintained.

Time went on, and her pupil continued to improve and to gain in popular estimation.

One day Leona came into Elodie's room while she was leaning with her head on her arms upon the table, in a pensive mood.

Late in the afternoon before the performance, Madame Leona made her pupil lie down and sleep to recruit her energies. Elodie had the convenient faculty of being able to sleep soundly whenever she was fatigued; and after a light dinner she retired.

By dusk she was up and refreshed wonderfully. She called her maid to assist her in dressing for the part, after they had driven to the opera house.

Leona came into her room when she was ready. Her critical eye surveyed the girl from head to foot, and she pronounced her dress correct.

"You will have to change it in the third act," she remarked.

"I have every thing laid out," returned her pupil. "See!"

She pointed to a side table on which the costume was carefully laid.

"And you are calm and strong! I see you are, and I will not disturb you. In ten minutes you will be called."

"Dear Leona, be at the side scene, where I can see you."

"I will if you wish it. Let me send you a glass of cordial before you go on."

"No, indeed! You know I never touch a drop. It would flush my face, and confuse me."

"Well. Sit down now, and look over your music till the bell rings. I will not let you talk."

She retired, and the debutante kept herself quiet, repressing all exciting thoughts. She was calm as a statue.

When the time came for her appearance, the manager himself came to lead her to the side scene.

She took his arm in silence, and he argued the best from her composure and self-possession. A flutter of agitation would have alarmed him.

Elodie seemed to herself in a dream as she went on the stage. A burst of tumultuous applause greeted her appearance; but she forgot to acknowledge it. The lights, the crowded scene, wheeled before her sight. She was afraid she had overrated her power.

But the next instant she caught her friend's smile as one of the wings, and then lighted on the broad, buxom face of Mrs. Brill, seated in one of the boxes. She felt restored to self-possession.

For the first two or three notes her voice did not reach its proper range, but she soon recovered herself, and entered fully into the spirit of the character she had undertaken to personate.

So far as acting went hers was a perfect triumph. The singing was not quite equal to that, not quite up to the range of the leading vocalists.

But it was hardly fair to expect it from so youthful a debutante. It was highly creditable to her powers and her training. Even connoisseurs were disposed to be indulgent to so lovely a creature, so fresh and young, so ardent in her nature, so full of exquisite grace. The applause was unbounded.

Encouraged by the manager and Leona after every effort, to believe she had mastered all difficulties with success, Elodie reserved her best strength for the last scene. It was one to task her powers to the utmost. Leona, too, was on the stage, in one of her subordinate parts. She had noticed that the girl was pale and exhausted toward the close, and aware of the importance of her sustaining herself throughout, she again pressed on her a glass of cordial.

This time Elodie did not refuse, for she felt the need of it. It brought the color to her cheeks, and she rushed on the stage, with the impetuosity demanded by her part, fully determined to conquer or die.

The energy of steady determination seldom fails to meet its reward. Elodie's last effort crowned her success. She stood motionless while the house rung with plaudits. She felt conscious of her shortcomings now, but she knew that practice would overcome all drawbacks. Her heart swelled with exultation. Her eyes slowly swept the circle of spectators as she made her final curtsy with the other characters.

Suddenly she started and stood still while those around her were retiring. Some one seized her hand and drew her back; but her eyes glared fixedly at some object before her.

In the very front of a box just behind the orchestra seats she saw Wynandam Blount.

He had evidently recognized her, for he stood up and was bending forward eagerly—his eyes fixed on her face.

The descending curtain hid him from her sight and brought her back to full consciousness. At the same instant she felt her arm drawn within another's and saw Rashleigh at her side.

"Come with me," he hissed in her ear. "He will follow you directly."

"I must go to my room," said the girl, with quivering lips.

"No, he will intercept you. I have your cloak; I will send for your things. This way, for the sake of your liberty!"

He led her to a side door, and she followed him, her heart beating wildly.

"What is this?" she asked, as he opened a door and she saw a man in a dark suit and a woman in a light dress standing before her.

"This is my room," said the man, "and this is my wife. She is waiting for you. Go in."

"But I am not your wife," said the girl, looking at the woman with a startled expression.

"You are my daughter," said the man, "and you must stay here. Go in, and I will be with you in a moment."

"But I am not your daughter," said the girl, looking at the man with a startled expression.

"You are my daughter," said the man, "and you must stay here. Go in, and I will be with you in a moment."

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"You are my daughter," said the man, "and you must stay here. Go in, and I will be with you in a moment."

"Then he could not have received your letter?"

"I shall go immediately to find him. Mrs. Stanley wishes to see him, you say. Would she be well enough this evening?"

"I think so. She has been anxious to have him sent for ever since her attack. You will bring him here?"

"I will, certainly. His arrival is most opportune—most fortunate. If the last attack had proved fatal it would have been a sad thing for him."

"Indeed it would. His aunt has loved him as a mother," said Olive, in a low tone, suppressing a sigh.

"More than that, he is the heir to her fortune, her sister's son," rejoined the legal gentleman, "and it is important that he should know her last wishes, to carry them out, as far as his power extends."

The young lady bowed, without reply.

"You have known Mrs. Stanley intimately for a long time?" the lawyer asked, after a pause.

"She was an early friend of my mother's," replied Olive, "but I did not know her well till I came here to be her companion."

"I have heard her speak of you so often and so affectionately I fancied much of your life had been spent with her."

"After the death of my mother had left me alone in the world Mrs. Stanley heard of my unhappy situation and invited me to make her house my home. But I could not accept her kindness unless—"

"I understand; unless you rendered some equivalent. That was true independence. I respect you for it, Miss Weston."

"I had accepted an engagement to take charge of a school in Ohio. But Mrs. Stanley procured my release and offered me the position of her companion, with a salary. She did this out of her indulgent kindness to me."

"As I said, she is fortunate. She has in you what money could not purchase."

"Oh, sir, she is more than a friend—she is a mother to me!" With difficulty the girl suppressed a sob as she spoke.

"I have not wondered at the regard she has expressed for you," continued Mr. Sherman. "You have deserved it. You have devoted yourself to faithful, unremitting attendance upon her."

Olive made an impatient movement, as if unwilling to hear praise of herself.

"And it is but right—I have had it on my mind a long time to speak of it to her—that some provision should be made for you in her will."

The girl started and looked as if she did not quite understand. Her thoughts had gone straying elsewhere.

"Three years since I drew up Mrs. Stanley's testament. The entire property she held was left to her nephew, Mr. Hamilton. She ought to add a codicil in your favor."

"Mr. Sherman, what do you mean? Mrs. Stanley leave money to me?"

"It would be but right and just."

"It would not be right or just! I have not the shadow of a claim on her."

"Her well known affection for you and your loving devotion to her certainly indicate a claim, which I have no doubt she will respect."

"Mr. Sherman, if you do not wish to send me out friendless from the only shelter I have, if you do not wish to deprive me of the love of the only being who cares for me, never speak in this way! Promise me that you will never, never do it—to her above all things!"

"Why not, my good young lady? I am the friend of Mrs. Stanley, as well as her lawyer. And I know she wishes to do something for you."

"No, no, indeed she never shall!"

"Why not, if such is her wish?" She regarded him as a daughter and you are worthy of her love. Better that she should care for your future than that it should be left in the hands of her heir."

"I would not accept anything from either!" cried Olive, passionately, clasping her hands, while her face crimsoned with her painful excitement.

"You are too scrupulous. Suppose Mrs. Stanley should bequeath to you—as a token of her grateful affection—"

"Mr. Sherman," cried the girl, starting up, "you will please say no more. Be assured I would not accept a legacy, even if you obtained it for me."

"But as a free gift from your friend—"

"No, not even from her! I would never accept one cent of her property."

"This, allow me to say, is Quixotic. Are you afraid of diminishing the possessions of the legal heir? He is heir at law, I believe, as well as legatee."

"Pray oblige me, sir, by saying no more on this subject, and by promising me that you will never name it to Mrs. Stanley."

"Oh, if you are so much opposed—"

"It is a promise as that I insist."

"Then I make it. But I must do whatever my old friend, of her own will and pleasure, may direct."

"It is no time, sir, to talk of will; my dear Mrs. Stanley is better, and I hope may live many years to enjoy her own. At what time will you bring Mr.—Mrs. Stanley's nephew? Before dinner?"

"Before dusk, I think. I shall find him at the Astor House. I will now say good morning, Miss Weston."

She had risen to bid adieu—when the servant man opened the door, and bowed.

"If you please, Miss," he said, "there's a quare sort of a gentleman—I mean a man—below, who says he wants to see Mrs. Stanley, and I told him—"

Here he was thrust aside, and a stranger pushed himself into the room. It was a man somewhat past middle age, with abundant gray hair, beard, and whiskers. His face was bronzed and leathery; his features were harsh and unpleasing; his small black eyes gleamed restlessly, and his thick, sensuous mouth betokened habits of reckless self-indulgence. His dress was decidedly seedy, and bore the dust of travel; although some effort had apparently been made to brush it into respectability.

He advanced, hat in hand, toward the lawyer, evidently taking him for some responsible director of the household.

Mr. Sherman drew back involuntarily. He did not like the stranger's looks.

"Well, sir: did you wish to see me?" asked the lawyer.

"I want to see Mrs. Stanley," was the gruff reply, as the man helped himself to a seat.

"Have you business with the lady?"

"I don't know as that's anything to anybody else, sir. I shall wait here to see her."

"You are not likely to do that. Mrs. Stanley is ill, and can see no one. Any business you have may be entrusted to me, as her agent and attorney."

The stranger turned to Olive, who was standing by the door, looking very much startled.

"I am so thankful it is over!" she breathed softly, at length, like a prayer. "I have so dreaded the first meeting! I was able to

"Are you her daughter?" he abruptly inquired.

"The young lady is not her daughter," replied Sherman, speaking for her. "You may state your business to me."

"You are obliging. What if I refuse? I've come a long distance, to see Mrs. Stanley."

"And I tell you, you cannot see her."

"Is it you who will prevent me?" said the man, defiantly. "Who do you take me for?"

"From your style and figure," rejoined Sherman, "I should say you came for an answer to some begging letter."

"And I take you for some done-up old adventurer on the look-out for a rich widow."

Olive, terrified at the man's manner, now interfered.

"Indeed, sir, it is as Mr. Sherman says: Mrs. Stanley is too ill to see any one. She has had a most severe attack, and the doctor says quiet is necessary to her very life."

"Eh! well! You are more civil-spoken, Miss. I rather like you. I will give you my message. Tell her her half-brother, Richard Lumley, from Sacramento, has come to see her."

Both the others repeated the name in surprise.

"Yes—tell her I've turned up at last. It will be a surprise to her. She hasn't heard of me in eleven years!"

"I remember about long since hearing her say she had heard from a brother," remarked Sherman. "But she did not—"

"I understand you," said the man, with a grin. "She did not care to acknowledge me! I'm well aware of that; for I've been a precious scamp in my time. I shouldn't have hunted her up, but that I lost my money in California, and got into trouble besides; and I know'd Maude was well to do, and could spare me some."

Mr. Sherman crossed the room, and whispered to Olive, who nodded and left the room. He had requested her to caution the servants against letting their mistress know of the stranger's arrival.

"That's a pretty girl," the man said, familiarly, as the door closed behind her. "I like her looks. Well, as I'm here, I suppose there's a room for me."

"I regret, Mr. Lumley, to say there is not," replied Mr. Sherman, dispassionately. "The only room vacant has been prepared for Mrs. Stanley's nephew, who has just returned from Europe."

"Her—her nephew?"

"Yes, Mr. Claude Hamilton; she has always been like a mother to him—having adopted him when a child; and she educated him. He was sent for by her desire, when she was first taken ill."

Her nephew! Ha, ha, ha! And the seedy-looking man threw himself back in his chair, with a burst of coarse laughter.

"And there's no room for me, you say," he added, when his strange merriment was exhausted.

"I regret to say there is not, Mr. Lumley. The housekeeper will tell you the same thing. And the doctor has positively forbidden Mrs. Stanley to be disturbed."

"I suppose you think it would disturb her to have a brother she has cast off so many years, appear in her presence—eh?"

"I should dread the effect of such a shock, in her enfeebled state," was the reply.

The shock! Ah! that was a word that means something. I am likely to shock her. Well—I can wait a few days. I'll go back to the—House and come again, on Saturday. By that time I expect her to see me."

He shuffled out of the room, his hat on his head, and his hands in his pockets.

Sherman quietly beckoned to the man-servant to show him out. When the door was closed after him, he called the man to him, and gave him some directions how to prevent a repetition of the unwelcome visit during the illness of his mistress.

"I have heard of the man," he observed to Olive, when he joined her in the front parlor; "and very much to his discredit. He has been many years attached to a gang of 'roughs' in California. Mexicans and half-breeds, with disreputable adventures, have been his associates; and the worst crimes have been laid to his charge. Something he did, caused his arrest and punishment; for no one knew what had become of him for several years. He was in prison when Mrs. Stanley last heard from him."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed Olive.

"I know you supposed him dead, long after that. But he must have returned to his old associates, and his gambling habits. When these failed to yield him money, the disreputable rascal comes to be a leech upon his noble sister."

"It will be a terrible shock to her," said Olive, "even to know of his existence."

"You must keep it from her as long as possible, dear Miss Weston."

"I will do my best, be sure of that."

"Now, I will say good morning. I have to find Claude the first thing; and—"

He was interrupted by a ring at the front door bell. When it was opened, a clear, rich, manly voice was heard, and a light footstep rapidly ascended the stairs.

Olive grew pale as death, and intent on escape, turned to go into the back parlor. But she was too late. Claude Hamilton came in and greeted Sherman with eager fervor, and came toward her with outstretched hand and a smile of cordial pleasure.

His greeting was mingled with apprehension, as he listened to the account of his aunt's late seizure.

"But the sight of you will do her an immensity of good!" cried Sherman. "She has so longed for your return!"

"Dear aunt Maude! can I see her this morning?"

Mr. Sherman and Claude both glanced at Olive, who silently left the room.

In a few minutes the housekeeper came, to say that the invalid would see Mr. Hamilton, and to ask from what hotel his luggage was to be fetched, for his room was ready.

Sherman took his leave, and Claude went up-stairs, wondering if Olive Weston were as much changed in mind, as he found her in person. In dignity and refinement, to say the least, he had lost his childish roundness and gawiness; though he could not say she was less beautiful than he had left her. He noticed that her reception of him had been utterly lacking in cordiality.

"Afraid of my renewing my past folly, I suppose," he mused, as he slowly ascended. "She need not be; she cured me of that long since!"

Olive had sought the shelter of her own room, and locked the door. She threw herself into a cushioned chair by the table, drooped her head upon her clasped hands, and strove to regain her composure, and calm the rebellious thoughts surging within her.

"I am so thankful it is over!" she breathed softly, at length, like a prayer. "I have so dreaded the first meeting! I was able to

meet him; and it will be easier now! He is to stay here! Well, I must go! I cannot remain; he might think I wished to put myself in his way! I have always resolved to go when he came home; and now the time is come! I will speak to Mrs. Stanley the very first opportunity."

She rose and busied herself about the room, laying some of her things in a trunk.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

Tiger Dick:

OR,
THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER IX.

A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

THE state of mind of a pure and noble woman in the situation in which Florence Goldthorp now found herself may be better imagined than described. But with the failure of all earthly aid,

evidence of her senses. Was she indeed gone mad? She rubbed her eyes and looked again. There it was, undoubtedly. Then, with a sensation as if the earth was falling away from her, she gazed at the clergyman, at his wife, at Cecil, and again at the handkerchief; and without a sign of warning, she dropped lifeless in the bottom of the carriage.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE WITH A MANIC. "Oh! catch her! She has fainted!" cried Mrs. Jones, but too late. Florence lay limp and lifeless at their feet.

With the help of Mrs. Jones, Cecil lifted her in his arms, and as her head rested on his shoulder, kissed her with a hopeless grief that seemed too deep for words.

Tears streamed from good Mrs. Jones' eyes as she murmured:

"Poor thing! poor thing!"

Cecil lifted his eyes, all tear-dim and blood-shot, from Florence to the clergyman's kindly wife.

"I thank you, madam, for your indulgence toward my wife and me. Be assured that your kindness of heart will not be without its reward. Are you going far? Have you yet had dinner? We were just spreading our rug under the trees at the back of the house as you approached. Will you stop and partake with us?"

"Thank you, Mr. Hawkins. We had arranged to take our dinner a little further on. Perhaps our presence might agitate your poor wife, when she returns to consciousness. We leave you, sir, with heartfelt commiseration for your affliction. Good-afternoon."

Then they drove on, and Cecil Beaumont bore his unconscious burden back to the house. But there was no triumph in his look now; it had given place to gloomy despondency.

He laid her down on a bank of turf, and gazed upon her long and sorrowfully. As he sat beside her, his hands resting listlessly in his lap, his head bowed, and that longing, famished look in his eyes, he was a picture of utter wretchedness.

"Oh, God! what a curse is this love of mine!" he muttered. "Why do I not restore her to her home? But when I would give her up, then comes that burning, insane determination to cling to her though my heart endures tortures of hell at the misery I inflict upon her. It almost seems like a visitation from God in punishment of my perfidy toward Mary—poor girl! how she loves me!—and that He will thwart me in the end. Well, nothing can be worse than what I now suffer. I shall be glad if He takes it out of my hands."

What pen can describe the emotions of Florence Goldthorp, when she awoke from her trance to the realization of her terrible situation? That one glimpse of hope made the night that followed it a rayless void of black despondency. She seemed deserted of God and man. She lay as white as a corpse, in the stupefaction of despair.

With the fall of night, the horses were again attached to the carriage, and Cecil came to her and would have lifted her in his arms; but, shuddering with abhorrence of his touch, she sprung to her feet and entered the carriage unaided.

She saw the futility of resistance then, and would not give him an excuse for taking hold of her; but when midnight they stopped at another deserted house in the depths of the woods, and she saw, by the light of a lantern, the form of a man standing in the doorway, whose dress was a disgusting mockery of that affected by the clergy, then she clung to the carriage, with a voiceless, agonized prayer to Heaven for deliverance. She had no hope of earthly or heavenly intervention; her action was merely instinctive.

"Florence!" said Cecil, in a heartbroken tone, "my poor Florence! why struggle against a fate that is inevitable! It cuts me to the soul to see you in such misery—to know that I am the cause—I who love you so! I would restore you to your home—I would give you up; but I cannot! It is our fate; why fight against it?"

Something in his voice chained her attention. Without releasing her hold on the carriage, she turned her head and looked at him. He stood with clasped hands and tearful eyes, a look of pleading and deprecation and sorrowful love on his face.

With a wild thrill it burst upon her that he was insane. Then shrinking, cowering, quivering she hid her face in the curtain of the carriage, chilled to the soul by a new terror.

"Oh, my darling, how I pity you!—how I love you!—how my heart bleeds for you! I loath myself as the instrument of your torture, far more than you can loath me. But I am helpless in the hands of a cruel destiny. What is to be, must be! We can none of us escape it!"

He reached into the carriage and put his arms about her lovingly, tenderly, and drew her toward him. With a gasp, her strength failed her utterly. He gently disengaged her now nerveless hands and lifted her in his arms. She did not resist him. She seemed paralyzed. She only cowered and shivered and gazed into his face as if fascinated.

Slowly he carried her to the house, the "minister" making way to give him admittance. It was an old log-house, long since given over to the spirits of the storm and solitude. A wide fire-place was at one end of the single room, and above it a smoke-blackened mantel-piece of oak now supported the lantern. A rough bench stood against the wall, and upon this Cecil seated himself, holding Florence in his lap. She, like a bird in the toils of a serpent, sat panting, helpless, fascinated by the strange, weird look of compassion on his face, that never changed.

The minister took up his position before them; the cabman and a hand-dog-looking fellow who had been in company with the divine, stood a little aloof. The clergyman took from his pocket a greasy, dog-eared prayer-book. He held it in his hands that shook with the palsy induced by dissipation. He read it with eyes bleared and bloodshot, looking from swollen and inflamed lids. He pronounced those solemn charges, those holy exhortations, those sacred prayers, with lips all tremulous with unbridled excesses, and emitting at every breath sickening fumes of alcohol.

At length the ceremony Florence sat as impassive as a statue, only when the ring was slipped on her finger a shudder ran through her frame, but she never removed her eyes from his. And Cecil wore such a look of yearning compassion as might have rested on the face of a mother who was forced to look upon her child in agony she could not alleviate. But when the last words were spoken, and the minister closed his book with a careless slam, a look of wild exultation blazed in Cecil's eye and distorted his face; and with a blood-curdling, maniac laugh, he clasped her to his heart, and cried:

"Mine—mine, for time and for eternity!—mine, beyond the reach of man or God!"

But scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a pistol-shot rang out on the air,

and the ball struck the rude plaster with which the logs were chinked and scattered it in his face. At the same moment a man stepped across the threshold, and the mocking voice of Tiger Dick said:

"Ah, Beaumont! do not start. It is only a little surprise of mine—a celebration of your nuptials with fireworks, you know."

With a cry, Florence burst the spell that bound her; and, tearing herself from the arms of her maniac lover sprung toward the Tiger with extended arms. Was she about to appeal to him for protection? Ah! better to trust herself to the mad love of Cecil Beaumont than to commit herself to the tender mercies of this human vampire!

But before she reached him, Cecil Beaumont's arm is extended, the report of a pistol blends with his wild laugh, and she totters and falls into the arms of Tiger Dick, the red blood trickling from her side over his sleeve.

"Take her so! You are welcome!" he cried; and, with a laugh of triumph and derision, he leaped through the sashless window, before the Tiger, embarrassed as he was with Florence, could return the fire.

Shadow Jim ran to the corner of the house to intercept his flight; but the maniac beat him to the earth with a single blow, and leaping upon one of the saddle-horses which Tiger Dick had brought spurred out of sight in the darkness.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 271.)

Victoria:

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,

AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT LAY ON THE NUN'S GRAVE.

WITHIN the memory of the oldest inhabitant, that pleasant-spoken gentleman, the agent of Lady Agnes Shirley, had never been known to be otherwise than perfectly self-possessed and equal to any emergency. The said legal gentleman had imagined himself that nothing earthly could have moved his admirable *sans froid*; but, on the present occasion, both he and the oldest inhabitant found their mistake. Ever afterward, he had a very vague and indistinct idea of what followed his startling announcement. He had a dim recollection of a sense of suffocation; of a roaring sound in his ears; of being the center of a surging sea of white and terrified faces; of hearing cries and exclamations; and, deep and high over all, the clear, authoritative voice of Colonel Shirley, giving some orders. Then he felt himself carried away and laid on a bed; felt mistily that some one was bleeding him, and some one else holding ice to his hot head; of being relieved from the unpleasant sense of strangulation, and at last of gradually dropping off into a profound and dreamless sleep; and, being left alone in his distant room to sleep the sleep of the just, he knew nothing of what was going on in the other parts of the great mansion—how Sir Roland Cliffe had dropped down in a fit of apoplexy, and been borne away to another chamber, a dreadful sight—how the guests had all dispersed in consternation and dismay; how the news had flown like wildfire through the town; how the lights had been put out, the tannery sent home all agape, Castle Cliffe shut up in silence and darkness, and the crowd of servants—an hour before so busy and bustling—grouped together in the lower regions, talking in hushed and awe-struck whispers, and never thinking of bed. How Colonel Shirley was pacing ceaselessly up and down the lower hall, and unable to stop for one instant; how the head doctor of the town was flying incessantly from Sir Roland to Lady Agnes; and how she who should have felt it all the most was the calmest and most collected person in the house. In a simple morning-wrapper, all her bright curls gathered up and confined in a net, Vivian bent over Lady Agnes, very pale, very quiet, very calm, obeying all the doctor's directions implicitly; and when at last that lady consented to come out of her hysterics, swallowed an opiate, and fell asleep, the ex-bride left her to the care of a nurse, and went away to her own room—her own pretty room—wherein she had so often slept the innocent sleep of careless girlhood—that she never, never could sleep more. Over the mantel, looked down on her still the sweet majestic face, enlivened by the golden hair, and Vivian dropped down before it, her face hidden in her hands, and prayed as only those pray who see the whole world darkening around them, and no light but the light of Heaven. Long ago, when a little child, she had knelt before the great altar in her dear old convent, in sunny France, and prayed as she was doing now, and "Oh!" cried Vivian's heart, "if I had only died then!"

And Mr. Sweet, sleeping serenely, as all good men should do, knew nothing of all this, and never woke until the summer sunbeams were glancing in through the curtains. Then he awoke with a jerk from some unpleasant dream, and rose slowly up on his elbow, a little confused and bewildered still. His right arm felt stiff and sore, and looking down, he saw it was bandaged, and the bandage stained with blood. That recalled the bleeding; and the bleeding recalled the rest; and feeling his head a little hot and giddy still, he got out of bed, filled a basin with cold water, and plunged his cranium into it. This cooling process had the desired effect—having mopped his yellow hair dry with a towel, he felt he was his own collected, clear-headed self again, and sat down on the edge of the bed to dress himself slowly, and think over all that had happened. To sleep over a matter sometimes changes its complexion very materially; and Mr. Sweet's first idea was one of wonder, how he ever could have been such a ninny as to be over-come for a moment by the little affair of last night. It was true, all the plans he had been forming and cherishing so long were knocked in the head at one blow; but he could still form new plans, and nobody knew better than he that all is not lost that is in danger. His wife, Colonel Shirley's daughter and heiress, had eloped; but there was yet a possibility that she might be found again and reclaimed; and, for his part, he was a sufficiently good Christian to overlook the little episode and take her back again, as if nothing had happened. Even should she refuse to come back—it would be just like Barbara to do it—that did not alter in the least the facts of the case, she was none the less his wife and the heiress of Castle Cliffe. The only thing he blamed himself for was, not having told her all beforehand. It might have prevented this disagreeable *contretemps*. But it was too late now, and—

Hence Mr. Sweet's meditations were cut short by a rap at the door.

"Come in!" he called; and Hurst, Colonel Shirley's valet, came in accordingly.

"Ah, good-morning, Hurst!" said Mr. Sweet, blandly, hastily putting the finishing touches to his toilet.

Mr. Hurst bowed respectfully.

"Good-morning, sir. How do you find yourself this morning?"

"Much better, thank you—quite well, I may say."

"Then my master sends his compliments, and begs you will come to him immediately."

Mr. Sweet being quite as anxious to see the colonel as that gentleman could possibly be to see him, needed no second invitation, and followed the valet with alacrity through various halls, down stairs and into the morning-room. Colonel Shirley was there, dressed as on the preceding evening, walking restlessly up and down still, and looking very pale, very stern. He stopped and glanced searchingly at the lawyer's melancholy face.

"Are you better?" he asked, briefly.

"Quite recovered, thank you. I scarcely know yet how it happened, or what was the matter with me."

"A rush of blood to the head, or something that way. I hope you remember the extraordinary announcement you came rushing here with, just as you were taken?"

Mr. Sweet raised a pair of reproachful eyes.

"It would be still more extraordinary, colonel, if I could ever forget it. When a man's wife elopes, it is not likely to slip from his memory in a single night."

"It is quite true, then?"

"Entirely."

"And Barbara has fled?"

"She has."

"And with Leicester Cliffe?"

"Yes."

Mr. Sweet put his handkerchief to his eyes, and turned away to conceal his emotion.

"How did you discover it? What proof have you of it?" continued the colonel, rapidly, casting a somewhat cynical eye on his bearded companion.

"There can be no doubt of the fact, colonel," said the lawyer, in a tremulous tone. "I wish to Heaven there was! My wife has fled; and Leicester Cliffe is a traitor and villain!"

"Be good enough, sir, to keep to the point. What proof have you of what you say?"

"Colonel, last night, when I went home, my servant—we keep only one—met me at the door, and told me her mistress had left the house, and was not returned; that Mr. Leicester Cliffe had been there with her all the evening, and that his departure had preceded hers by a few moments. I went over the house in search of her. In her room I found scattered about all I had ever given her—her wedding-ring broken and lying on the ground among the rest. There was no longer a doubt; and, almost beside myself, I came here with the news."

"And that is all the proof you have that they have fled together?"

"I scarcely think that any more is required. What else could have caused his absence last night?"

"But why in Heaven's name should he elope with your wife?" exclaimed the colonel, impatiently. "What did he care for Barbara?"

"A great deal, Colonel Shirley!" said Mr. Sweet, quietly, "since he was in love with her, and promised to marry her, before ever he saw your daughter—I mean Miss Vivian."

Colonel Shirley stopped in his excited walk, and looked at him with so much astonishment that Mr. Sweet felt called upon to explain.

"Last May day, sir, he saw her. She was the May Queen; and he fell in love with her, I take it, on the spot. From that time, until he went to London, they were inseparable. The people in Lower Cliffe could tell you the moonlight walks on the shore, and the sails on the water; and the lodge-keepers could tell you many a tale of their rambles in the park under the trees. Sir Roland knew it all; but he took good care to keep silent; and I believe, but for him, Mr. Leicester would never have accepted my lady's invitation, and gone up that time to London."

Still the colonel stood silently looking at him, in stern inquiry.

"The evening before he went, sir, I chanced to be strolling about under the trees down there, near the Nun's Grave, when I happened to hear voices; and, looking through the branches, I saw Mr. Leicester and Barbara together, exchanging vows of love and promising everlasting fidelity. He told her—he almost swore—he would keep her secretly, when he came back; and they would fly to America, or some other distant place; and, then, not wishing to be an eavesdropper, I hurried away from the spot."

"Well," said Colonel Shirley, his stern eyes still immovably fixed on his companion, "and how came Barbara to marry you after this?"

"For spite, sir! A woman would sell her soul for spite; and I, I loved her so well that I was only too happy to marry her, no matter what was the motive."

Again Mr. Sweet's handkerchief came in requisition; and Colonel Shirley sawed the bell, and rung a violent peal. The valet appeared.

"Hurst, bring my breakfast immediately, and order round my horse and another for this gentleman."

Hurst flew to obey. The lawyer used his handkerchief, and the colonel strode up and down uneasily, until breakfast appeared. Mr. Sweet was invited to take a seat, which he did; and despite his illness and his bereavement, drank the strong coffee and ate the buttered waffles with infinite relish. But the colonel neither ate nor drank; and, throwing a large military cloak over his evening costume, imperatively ordered him to come out, mount, and follow him.

"Where to, sir?" Mr. Sweet took the liberty of inquiring.

"To your house, sir," the colonel answered, sternly.

"You do not doubt what I told you, colonel?"

"I shall investigate the matter myself," reiterated the colonel, coldly.

"And after that, sir?" again Mr. Sweet ventured.

"After that, sir?" cried the colonel, turning his pale face and flashing eyes full on his companion. "After that, I shall search for them, if it be to the ends of the earth! And if, when they are found, things should turn out as I more than half suspect, you, Mr. Sweet, had better look to yourself! Now, come on!"

With this last abrupt order, given in the same ringing tone of command with which, in former days, he had headed many a gallant charge, the colonel dashed spurs into his horse and galloped down the avenue. Mr. Sweet followed and kept up to him as best he could, in silence; for he had enough to do to keep up within sight of his reckless leader, without thinking of talking. Early as the hour was, Clifton was up and doing; and the people stared with all their eyes as the two riders dashed past. The lawyer's house was soon gained, and the Indian officer was storming at

the knocker as if he thought it was an enemy's fortress. Elizabeth answered the appalling clatter, so terrified by the noise that she was fit to drop; and the colonel strode in and caught her arm.

"Is this the servant you spoke of, Mr. Sweet?"

"This is the servant, sir," said Mr. Sweet.

And Elizabeth's mouth flew open, and her complexion turned sea-green, with terror.

"My good girl, you need not be frightened. I am not going to hurt you. I merely want you to answer me a few questions. What time did your master leave home yesterday afternoon?"

"Please, sir," gasped Elizabeth, quaking all over, "it was eight on seven o'clock. I know I was in the hall when he went out, and the clock struck seven a little after."

"Was your mistress at home then?"

"Please, sir, yes. She was in the parlor."

"Who was with her?"

"Please, sir, nobody. It was after that he came."

"Who came?"

"Young Mr. Cliffe, please, sir—Mr. Leicester."

"How long did he stay?"

"Please, sir, a good long while. Him and misses was a-talking in the parlor; and it was after dark when he went away."

"Did your mistress go with him? Did he go alone?"

"Please, sir, yes. And misses she came out all dressed in her bonnet and shawl, a little after, and went out the back way; and she ain't never come back since."

"Do you know which way she went?"

"Please, sir, no. I don't. I don't know nothing else. I declare for't," said Elizabeth, putting her apron to her countenance, and beginning to whimper.

It was quite evident she did not. The colonel dropped a gold coin into her hand, went out, remounted, followed in silence still by Elizabeth's master.

"To Cliffe-wood!" was the second sententious order.

And again away they galloped over "brake, bush, and scar," to the great mental and physical discomfort of one of them at least.

A rumor of the extraordinary events going on at the castle hall reached Cliffe-wood, and a flock of curious servants met them as they entered. The colonel singled out one of them—Sir Roland's confidential; and he followed the two gentlemen into the drawing-room.

"Edwards," he began, "what time did Mr. Leicester leave here for the castle, yesterday?"

Sir Roland, you know, came early, and he remained behind."

"I know, sir. It was about sunset Mr. Leicester left, I think."

"He was out all day. Did he dress, or did he leave in what he had worn previously?"

"No, sir. He was in full evening dress."

"Did he walk or ride?"

"He left here on foot, sir."

"Do you know which way he took?"

"Yes, sir. He took the road direct to the town."

"And you have not seen or heard of him since?"

"No, sir."

The colonel turned as abruptly as before, and strode out, followed still by the mute lawyer.

"To Lower Cliffe!" came again the order.

And once more they were dashing through the town, and on and on, until they reached the road that turned off toward the village. Here the horses were left at the Cross Roads Inn—an inn where, many a time and oft, Leicester Cliffe had left his gallant gray when going to visit Barbara; and they struck down the rocky footpath that led to the cottage. The wonderful news had created as much sensation in the village as the town, and curious faces came to the doors and windows as they passed, and watched them eagerly until they vanished within Peter Black's roof-tree. The cottage looked unusually tidy, and three gentlemen stood near one of the windows conversing earnestly; and in those three the new-comers recognized: Mr. Jones, the town apothecary; Squire Channing, the village magistrate; and in the third, no less an individual than the bishop of Cliftonlea. This latter august personage held in his hand a paper which he had been diligently perusing; and with it in his hand, he came forward to address the colonel.

"Ah! you've come at last! I feared our messenger would scarcely find you in time."

"What messenger?"

"Joe, the game-keeper's son. Did you not see him?"

"No. What did he want of me?"

"That wretched old woman," said the bishop, jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the door of Judith's bed-chamber, "recovered her speech and her senses during the night, as many do at the point of death; for she is dying, and became frantic in her entreaties for a clergyman and a magistrate. Considering the matter, I could do no less than come myself; Mr. Channing accompanied me, and Mr. Jones followed shortly after, but too late to be of any service. The woman is at the point of death."

"And what did she want?"

"To make a dying deposition concerning the truth of the story Mr. Sweet told you last night. She stated the case clearly and distinctly. Here it is in black and white; and she was most anxious to see you; and Providence must have sent you, since Joe has not succeeded. Come in at once. There is no time to lose."

The colonel followed him into the chamber. Old Judith lay on the bed, her eyes restless, and the gray shadow of coming death over her face. The prelate bent over her in his urbane way.

"My good woman, here is Colonel Shirley."

The eyes, dulling in death, turned from their restless wandering and fixed themselves on the colonel's face.

"It is true!" she whispered, hoarsely. "It is all true! I am sorry for it now, but I changed them; Barbara is your child. It drove her mad, and I'm dying with it all on my guilty soul!"

She stopped speaking suddenly; her face turned livid; the death-rattle sounded in her throat; she half sprang up, and fell back dead! Colonel Shirley stood for a moment, horror-struck, and then turned and hastily left the room. If one lingering doubt remained on his mind, concerning the truth of the story, it had all vanished now.

"She has gone," said the bishop, addressing his companions. "It is useless remaining longer here. Let us go!"

They all left the house, and bent their steps in the direction of the park-gates. The colonel, the bishop, and the magistrate, going first; the lawyer and the apothecary following.

"Have you seen this old woman's son—this Peter Black?" asked Colonel Shirley, as they walked along.

"No," said Mr. Channing. "The nurse mentioned that he had not been seen since yesterday evening."

"Is it true about the elopement?" asked the bishop, in a low voice.

"Quite true."

"How dreadful it all is, and yet how calmly you bear it, Cliffe!"

The colonel turned on him a look—a look that answered him without words—and they walked on in silence. When the bishop spoke again, it was in an uncommonly subdued tone.

"How are Sir Roland and Lady Agnes, this morning? I should have been up to see, but for—"

The sentence was never finished. A yell broke the silence—a yell to which an Indian war-whoop was as nothing; and out from among the trees burst Joe, the game-keeper's son, with a face of ghastly whiteness, hair standing on end, and eyes starting from their sockets. At sight of them, another yell which he was setting up seemed to freeze on his lips, and he, himself, stood stock-still, rooted to the spot. At the same instant, Squire Channing set up an echoing shout:

"There goes Tom Shirley! Look how he runs!"

They looked; bursting out from the trees, in another direction, was a tall figure, its black hair flowing. It vanished again, almost as soon as it appeared, into a by-path; and they turned their attention to the seemingly horror-struck young person before them.

"What is the matter? What has frightened you, my boy?" asked the bishop.

"Oh, my Lord! Oh, colonel, oh, colonel!" gasped Joe, almost paralyzed, "he's dead! he's killed! he's murdered!"

The three gentlemen looked at each other, and then, in wonder, at Joe.

"He's up here on the Nun's Grave; he is, with his head all smashed to pieces. Come, quick, and see!"

They followed him up the avenue, into the by-path, under the gloomy elms, to the forsaken spot. A figure lay there, on its face, its hat off, a terrible gash on the back of the head, where it had been felled down from behind—its own fair brown hair, and the grass around, soaked in blood. Though the face was hidden in the dust, the moment they saw it they knew who it was, and all recoiled as if struck back by a giant hand. It was the colonel who recovered first, and, stooping, he raised the body and turned the face to the garish sunlight. The blood that had rained down from the gash in the head had discolored it all, but they knew it—knew that, on the spot where he had prayed for a short life if he proved false, Leicester Cliffe lay cold and dead!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, or Water Pepper, is not recommended as a cure-all. It should not be classed with the patent nostrums of the day. No patent has been obtained or asked for upon it. It is not a secret medicine, the chief ingredient being made known in the name chosen to designate it. But it is claimed to be a *superior* Extract, made in a scientific manner, from fresh plants and roots, by a cold process; heat, which is used in making all other Extracts of Smart-Weed, being objectionable, as it destroys most of the medicinal virtues that reside in the plant, as stated in the American Dispensatory and by other most excellent authorities. In the modest-looking little weed, found growing by the roadside, is found a more efficacious remedy, when combined with Jamaica Ginger and other modifying agents, for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaint, Pain and Colic, than has heretofore been known to the medical profession. Dr. Pierce's Extract is sold by druggists.

A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpareil measurement.

Price, Twenty-five Cents.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

A QUIET LODGER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Soft slumber stole into the room,
Its spell, and him breathing,
He went to sleep, just like a lamb,
And lamblike was his breathing.

But soon this man began to snore,
At first a little mildly,
And climbed the scale by slow degrees,
And kept on growing wildly.

I got to fearing it would be
The last of that poor fellow,
And very much it looked to me
That he himself would swallow.

At every breath that snore increased,
I thought to go and shake him,
But got so mad I thought I'd let
Him kill himself and take him.

The bed began to shake and rattle,
The very floor to tremble,
And like a nearing earthquake seemed
That snore of his to rumble.

The glasses shook upon the stand,
The looking-glasses rattled,
The window-sash went in and out,
The bedlugs all shookled.

The boards pounded from below,
And on the floor above him,
They beat on the partition walls,
But ah, they failed to move him.

The landlord broke into the door,
They shook him very savagely,
And in his ears they howled,
But still he slept serenely on.

That snore each time increasing,
The more the landlord stormed and beat
The less it looked like ceasing.

The pictures tumbled from the walls,
The plastering from the ceiling,
The glass in every sash went out,
The bed went down a-reeling.

The walls fell with a crash, and there
He snored away like thunder,
And in the morning he woke up
And looked around in wonder.

LEAVES

From an Actor's Life ;

Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

X.—The Warren Theater—William Pelby—
The Melodramas of the Past—Flying Dutchman,
Captain Kidd, Wizard of the Waves,
Carpenter of Rouen, Nick of the Woods and
Moll Pitcher—The Three Dramatic Authors,
Dr. J. S. Jones, Fred Hill and C. H. Saunders—
The Local Plays—The Mistake of
Great Low Comedians—Pizarro, or the
Death of Rolla—Cora's Child—The Story of
the Play.

The old Warren Theater stood on the corner
of Traverse and Portland streets, in the West
End of Boston, in close proximity to the North
End; but the West End of Boston was by no
means like the West End of London, for, where-
as that portion of the great English metropol-
is was the abode of the aristocracy, the West
End of the metropolis of New England was
decidedly democratic.

In those days there were a great many sal-
ons in Boston and the Warren Theater was
their favorite resort. It was essentially a
melodramatic theater, like the Bowery, in New
York, and dealt largely in what has been called
the "blood-and-thunder" drama. It pro-
duced such plays as "The Flying Dutchman,"
"Captain Kidd," "The Wizard of the Waves,"
"Carpenter of Rouen," "Nick of the Woods,"
"Moll Pitcher" and others of the same class,
in a masterly style, under the management of
William Pelby. It also presented many local
plays, written by native playwrights, that were
very popular, such as "North End Will,"
"Old Job and Jacob Gray," "Nick's Mate,"
"The Ship-crafter of Boston," "Battle of
Bunker Hill" and many more too numerous
to mention.

A great many of these plays were written
by J. S. Jones, an actor attached to the com-
pany, who studied medicine when not engaged
in his theatrical duties, and finally retired from
the stage to adopt that profession. He became
the city physician of Boston, and, if I am not
mistaken, holds that office still. He has a son,
Nathaniel, who is an actor.

There were two other dramatists in the the-
ater, Frederick Hill (a fine-looking man, and
a most excellent actor) who wrote "Six De-
grees of Crime," and "The Shoemaker of Tou-
louse." These plays were great favorites in
my boyhood, and they still held their popular-
ity when I had advanced a considerable dis-
tance into man's estate. I have acted in them
in the principal cities of the Union.

The other dramatist was Charles H. Saunders.
He was the author of "May Martin,"
"Eliza Wharton," "Charlotte Temple" and
"Rosina Meadows," all being adaptations from
the popular novels of the days. He also wrote
an original Indian drama, entitled "Zebula,
or the Star of Hope," which had quite a suc-
cess.

Mr. Saunders was a comedian—low comedi-
an—for comedians are distinguished in the
theatrical ranks by different grades. High,
or genteel, eccentric and low. The low com-
edian personates such characters as require a
broad humor, or are absurd and farcical in their
nature. Yet Mr. Saunders commenced his
dramatic career as a tragedian. This was by
no means a singularity upon his part; many
actors have made the same mistake. Indeed,
it would appear that most actors are always
afflicted with a kind of mental blindness at the
early stages of their careers, and some never
recover from it. They misjudge their own ca-
pacities, but the inexorable fiat of the public
forces them into the positions they are best fit-
ted to fill, and keeps them there.

Thus, Liston, the great English low comedi-
an, always thought that tragedy was his forte;
but when he found that the audience laughed
more at his tragedy than at his comedy he de-
sisted from his efforts; but he believed to his
dying day that the audience were mistaken,
not himself.

Our own Burton always thought his talent
was for tragedy, yet he could never make the
public think so; and he tried it often enough
to satisfy himself on that head. But he con-
soled himself with the reflection that the pub-
lic were fools. This is an opinion that is not
confined to actors; I have found it in other
professions; the general impression of this
world's people is: "The fools are those who
do not think as we do."

To return to Saunders: I assisted him in one
of his tragic efforts. The play was "Pizarro,
or the Death of Rolla," adapted from the Ger-
man Kottbus by the celebrated orator and
statesman of England, Richard Brinsley Sheri-
dan. Sheridan was the author also of those
well-known and time-honored comedies, "The
Rivals" and "A School for Scandal," as well
as other dramatic works of less importance.

Mr. Saunders appeared as Rolla, "the Peru-
vian leader." The action of the play takes
place at the time of Pizarro's conquest of Peru.
The Peruvians are making a last struggle for

their liberty under their king, Atahiba, and
their general, Rolla. Among the ranks of the
Peruvians is a young Spaniard, Alonzo de
Medina, who, displeased with the cruelty and
oppressive measures of Pizarro, has deserted
him and joined the Peruvians, his military
knowledge proving of great service to them.
But love appears to have had something to do
with Alonzo's desertion, for when the play
begins we find him the husband of a high-born
Peruvian woman named Cora, and the father
of a boy: "With all his mother's smiling gen-
tleness, and all his father's pride."

Alonzo is second in command of the Peru-
vian army, and by his strategy the Spaniards
have been long held at bay; but at length a
decisive battle is forced upon them; they are
defeated, and Alonzo is taken prisoner. Cora
is distracted, and to make her woe the keener,
her child, whom she had left asleep, is found
by two Spanish soldiers, and carried to their
camp.

Pizarro is overjoyed by Alonzo's capture,
and after an exulting interview with him,
condemns him to be shot at sunrise on the fol-
lowing morning. Alonzo is removed to a dun-
geon, and here Rolla comes to him disguised
in a monk's frock, which he has taken from
the body of one of those religious enthusiasts
who accompanied the Spaniards to the New
World, who had been killed in the late battle.

Rolla loved Cora before she became Alonzo's
wife, but when he saw that she gave the pre-
ference to the young Spaniard, with the resolu-
tion of a noble heart he struggled with and
subdued his passion. He has come to save
Alonzo even at the risk of his own life.

The monk's habit obtains him admission to
the dungeon. He proposes to Alonzo to change
places with him, but Alonzo is loth to accept
such a sacrifice. Rolla appeals to him in the
name of his wife and child.

"I am a blighted tree standing alone upon
a sandy desert," he says; "nothing lives or
thrives beneath my shelter. You are a hus-
band and a father!"

Alonzo yields, assumes the monk's disguise,
and escapes. In the morning the change is
discovered and Rolla is led before Pizarro.
The Spanish leader treats him with great
magnanimity, gives him a sword, and bids him
rejoin his brethren.

At this moment Cora's child is brought in
and Rolla recognizes it, betraying the child's
parentage by an unguarded exclamation.
When Pizarro learns that it is Alonzo's child
he resolves to keep it. Rolla suddenly snatches
the child away from the soldier who holds it,
cuts down those who oppose him, and dashes
away in swift flight.

He is pursued, but he reaches the brink of
a deep ravine spanned by a tree trunk, a rude
bridge, and crosses. If he can destroy the
bridge he is safe, as its destruction will check
the pursuit. He hacks the tree away with
his sword, and hurds it into the abyss; but
while he does this the Spanish soldiers arrive
on the other side and fire upon him with their
arquebuses.

He is wounded, but he contrives to reach
the stronghold of the Peruvians in the moun-
tains, and gives the child to Alonzo and Cora.
"There's blood upon him!" cries Cora, in
apprehension.

"It is my blood, Cora," answers the noble
Rolla.

Then they observe his pale visage, and his
bloody garments.

"Oh, heavens! thou diest!" exclaims
Alonzo, in dismay.

"For thee and Cora," replies Rolla, and
falls dead at their feet.

Then I, as the child, knelt beside him, and
clasped my hands in the attitude of prayer.
This was the end of the play.

Like Cures Like.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

SHE made a surpassingly fair picture, with
her filmy white tulle trailing in foamy bill-
ows around her, with wide, deliciously-tinted
pink ribbons relieving the whiteness in ex-
actly the most artistic places, with her round,
white arms bare to the lace ruffles that de-
pended from the arm-holes, with broad bands
of gold that attracted attention to the perfect
symmetry of proportion.

But fairer than all, her bright, piquant face
uprose in all its bloom of carnation tinge and
creamy paleness, and her wondrous eyes, dark,
golden-hazel eyes, that held such witchery in
their gleams, fairly seemed radiant with tiny
fire sparks as she listened to the step in the
hall—quick, firm, that she knew was Chauncey
Varian's. Just a least possible deeper pink
suffused her cheeks as the door opened, and
then, all her proud happiness in her lover con-
centrated in the glad smile of welcome with
which she greeted him.

"My darling! you are a model of prompt-
ness. It is only just nine."

He had kissed her tenderly and then she saw
his critical eyes scanning her dress—taking in
every detail with the cool taste of a connois-
seur.

A half shy, half triumphant smile was on
her lips as she stood under the silent scrutiny.
Then she whirled gracefully around, laugh-
ing.

"Do I suit, Chauncey? Don't I look well?
Isn't my dress lovely?"

"I presume it must be, if you say so, Lillian.
Only I prefer you in pure white. Those rib-
bons are gaudy. Why didn't you wear a sim-
ple bunch of violets at your throat and a dra-
pery of white silken stuff instead of that gay
sash?"

A quick disappointment flashed over her
face; just the least look of distress was in her
eyes as she answered him.

"I am so sorry you don't approve, dear.
Mamma and I thought pink pretty, but if you
wish me to wear pure white, with some of my
double white violets, I will."

"I wish you would, Lillian. There is nothing
so elegant—and, to oblige me—"

He bestowed one of his rare, sweet smiles on
her, in his lordly way; and Lillian went back
to her dressing-room to take off the obnoxious
pink ribbons, with only one reason for so
doing—"Chauncey says so."

When she came down, certainly as fair as
fair could be, Varian smiled approvingly.

"My beautiful darling!"

She laughed as she submitted her opera
cloak to his hands.

"Rather your most obedient. You are
tyrannical, dearest."

"Perhaps. Be my love my excuse; and
don't forget, Lillian, you must not dance with
Captain Grant or Mr. Wolsifer to-night. You
promised, you know."

A cloud flitted over Lillian's face.

"I think that is too much to ask of me,
Chauncey. You know Ford Wolsifer and I
have danced the redowa together for so long."

"I cannot help that; it is not good taste for
my betrothed to accept other partners for
round dances when I never indulge."

The pink tinge on Lillian's cheeks was grow-
ing to a carnation. Chauncey was so willful
and so unjust.

"I declare I think it is too bad, Chauncey,
to want to deprive me of all enjoyment. You
know I do all I can to please you—"

He interrupted her with a shade of imperi-
ousness in his caressing voice.

"Certainly you do, Lillian. I expect you to.
But don't look so profoundly sad. Give me a
kiss before the coach stops to seal the promise
your heart makes, though these sweet lips are
so tardy to express."

And the usual Lillian came off conquered.

The Academy was delightedly filled when
she and Chauncey entered, as handsome a pair
as ever graced its floor; and Ford Wolsifer,
with brightening countenance, turned to his
sister Cora on his arm.

"At last! Lil and Mr. Varian, with the
prospect of one or two decent round dances at
the least. Let Grant give you his arm, sis,
while I secure a blank or so on Lil's tablets—
will you?"

Cora watched him off, chatting with Cap-
tain Grant the while, who was no ways loth
to entertain the vivacious, pretty girl. Then,
ten minutes afterward, when Ford came back
with a cross, puzzled frown on his face, she
looked in silent, anxious questioning at him.

"If here isn't a go! Would you believe it,
Cora, that for the first time in three years,
Lillian Orville has refused to dance with me!
I'll bet a hundred to one that Varian is at the
bottom of it."

"I'll ask her—the foolish child, to be nosed
around by him! I know she just worships
the German when you are her partner."

It was a couple of hours later before Cora
Wolsifer had the opportunity she coveted.
Then, very unexpected, the girls met in the
dressing-room, whither both had repaired to
arrange some disorder of their toilet.

"I never was so much surprised as when I
saw you without those lovely pink trimmings
we ransacked New York over to find. Why
didn't you wear them, Lil?"

A conscious flush tinged Lillian's cheeks.

"Don't you think the white prettier? I do."

"Perhaps I do—perhaps I don't. That
isn't answering my question."

Lil toyed with a stray tress of her crepe hair,
while the faint blush on her cheeks slowly
deepened.

"Because," Cora went on, half laughing,
half defiantly, "if Chauncey Varian has al-
ready begun his high-lord-mighty authority
over you, I am not the one to stand by and
see it."

As she spoke, she caressed Lillian's hand so
tenderly, that the girl's indignation had no
chance to live longer than the second that gave
it an existence. Yet, there was a charming
spice of dignity in her answer.

"Please do not speak so of Mr. Varian,
Cora. Remember my greatest delight, my
chief ambition is to suit his tastes."

And then she thought how she had rebelled
herself when he forbade her dancing with
Ford Wolsifer—with a big heart-throb at her
inconsistency.

Cora smiled, then sighed.

"Well—I only hope Mr. Varian will not ut-
terly conquer you to his own whims. I know
now why you wear white, when you intended
something else. I know why you wounded
Ford, too—and another thing I know, Lil—if
you submit to every one of his majesty's
whims and caprices, you'll find your flowery
chains turned into iron bands after you are
once his wife. Remember now, what I say,
you dear, foolish, fond little girl."

She stooped and kissed her as she went out,
and Lil smiled after her retreating form.

"Dear old Cora! She doesn't begin to know
how humbly I worship him—my splendid
lover, my prince among men!"

And the white filmy dress floated down the
velvet-covered stairs, and the white silken rib-
bons fluttered, and the violets exhaled their
sweetest perfume as she hastened down again
to his presence.

"What is that, Lillian?"

Mr. Varian sauntered leisurely into the cool,
shaded sitting-room, where his wife was sew-
ing, looking very fair and sweet in her white
ruffled wrapper, and tiny, jaunty lace cap.

She glanced up gladly, as he entered.

"This!" and she held up a dainty little
pale-blue cashmere dress she was braiding with
blue silken cord. "A dress for baby, dear.
He will wear colors in a month or two, you
know, and I am anxious to get his sewing all
done. Isn't it sweet?"

"It's wretched! It seems to me, Lillian, your
taste degrades daily. Why on earth can't the
boy wear white as he has been doing?"

A little smile from Lillian, for it was always
just so—nothing she made, or did, or said, met
with her husband's approval. But she made
no sign of displeasure.

"He is so big, dear—tall for his age, and he
is four years old, you know. Besides, it is
such a trouble to have so many white suits in
the wash every week. Ann complains con-
tinually of the ironing."

"I don't propose that Ann shall regulate my
household, and I do propose that Ernest shall
wear white dresses for at least two years yet.
So put that blue horror away, Mrs. Lillian, and
let's have a chat about something else."

So—for perhaps two thousandth time in five
years of her married life, Lillian sacrificed her
own wishes quietly and folded away the ele-
gant little dress that she was convinced would
have so perfectly become her handsome boy,
with his pearl white complexion, and faintly
tinged pink cheeks, so like her own; with his
big, dark eyes like his father's, and his fussy,
waving yellow hair.

She had never rebelled, particularly. She
was such a devoted little woman, and one of
the clauses in her matrimonial creed was to
"obey" as well as love; but to day, somehow,
Cora Wolsifer's words kept recurring to her
until, after Varian had kissed her and gone
out, she felt almost tempted to break her
chains and openly use her own discretion.

But how!—how should she regain the inde-
pendence she desired? If Chauncey only
knew how imperative he was, surely he
would not be so. If she only could show him
how unpleasant it was *never* to consult one's
individual feelings—and then, occurred to
Lillian how, for years, her husband had been
so accustomed to her quiet yielding, that per-
haps he had fallen into what was only a habit.

If so, she might break it—yes—on homeopathic
principles, too; and, blessing Hahnemann and
his followers for the discovery that "like cures
like," this little, gentle woman deliberately set
to work to liberate herself.

And, to begin, she took Ernest's blue dress
from the drawer, calmly finished it, and dressed
the boy ready for dinner in it.

Then, she darkened all the shutters, and sat
down in the parlor, with the boy, to await the
result of the first shot at the enemy.

Varian came in, on time as usual.

"Who closed the shutters, Lillian? Ann
knows I especially detest a semi-twilight."

"He started to fling them open."

"Don't, Chauncey. I wish them closed. The
sunshine makes my head ache."

He looked at her curiously. Her unwonted
petulance of tone almost alarmed him.

"Why—are you ill?"

"Oh, no—only I prefer a dim light at pres-
ent. My eyes are tired sewing Ernest's dress.
Show papa, baby, how sweet you look."

Varian stopped short in the middle of the
room as the little fellow bounded toward
him.

"Lillian—what does this mean? What has
he on a dress I particularly wished he should
not wear in that form?"

"It is a shame to waste it, Chauncey. Be-
sides, he looks well in blue, and I am tired of
seeing white. I shall cut out a scarlet one for
him to-morrow."

Chauncey looked at her in blank astonish-
ment. Was this Lillian—his docile little wife,
to whom his wish was law? In sheer alarm
lest she was ill, or going to be, he made no re-
ply, but drew her arm through his and started
toward the dining-room.

"Don't, Chauncey—it is so warm," she fret-
ted, pulling her hand away. "Oh, dear, now
that you come into the light, I can see how odd
you look in that forlorn necktie. I thought
something was the matter the moment I saw
you. For conscience sake, don't ever wear a
blue tie again, Chauncey."

He turned pale with anger at her daring
criticism.

"You seem in a very unusual humor to-
night, my dear. I think you had better re-
tire after dinner—you may feel better in the
morning."

"Retire!" she opened her eyes widely at
him. "Indeed I shall not. I and baby are
going over to the Park—are't we, Ernest?"

Varian bit his lip savagely.

"But I cannot go with you to-night. I have
an engagement—"

She interrupted him laughingly.

"That's nothing. You must break it, be-
cause Ernest and I can't be disappointed, can
we, Ernest?"

A low, murmurous sound very like swear-
ing answered her, that made her heart fairly
throb with pain. But she had commenced,
and she would persevere.

An hour later she came down, in sash and
hat, bright and pretty and girlish.

"Are you ready, dear? Come!"

He looked up from his paper with his usual
coolly-critical glance.

"You don't intend to wear that hat? How
often have I said it was a fright! I beg you—"

Lillian walked up to the mirror, and inspec-
ted herself calmly.

"I can't see anything the matter with my
hat. It is the fashion, and that is the main
thing. But, pray don't mention my hat,
Chauncey, when you are in such a state of toi-
let. Do you suppose, for one moment, I will
go with you in that business-suit?"

A red flush shot over her face.

"It seems to me a great change has come
over you, Mrs. Varian. But one thing is pos-
itive—you either go with me in this suit, or
you stay at home, for I shall not change my
attire to suit any woman's caprice."

"And another thing is positive, my dear—
I shall then go alone with Ernest; nor shall I
remain home to gratify any man's ridiculous
whims. Come, baby. By-by, Chauncey."

And she actually went, holding the child's
hand, leaving Varian in a state of bewilder-
ment very new to him.

It was nearly eleven that night when Mr.
Varian went up to their bedroom—in a state
of surprise and anger that was almost an
alarm at Lillian's conduct. He had not seen
her when she came in, although he had called
to her; but she had called back she was tired,
and didn't wish to come in the parlor again;
she was going directly to bed.

Now, as Varian went up-stairs, he heard the
sound of weeping—Lillian, too! not calm cry-
ing, but sharp, agonized, convulsive sobs, as
never before had passed his wife's lips. In an
agony of alarm he rushed in—to find her ly-
ing outside the bed, still in walking attire.

"Lillian, darling—what is the matter? Are
you sick—is anything the matter? Look up,
dear, and tell me!"

He forgot everything now but how he loved
her; and she—she crept into his arms, almost
like a guilty creature.

"Oh, Chauncey! I am so unhappy—it has
almost killed me!"

He stroked her hair softly.

"What has, Lillian?"

"Why—to—to—oh, Chauncey, I am so
wretched!"

"And why, little wife! don't you love me
—don't I love you?"

"Oh, yes! yes! but—if you only wouldn't—
if—"

His forehead gathered into a puzzled frown;
for several minutes he sat in silence, then, in
such a grave, sweet voice, he spoke.

"I think I understand it all, Lillian. All
the evening I have been thinking it over, and now,
I think your innocent little attempt has suc-
ceeded. You think me arbitrary and domi-
neering—I have been, but remember, I never
thought you cared. If I agree to try and
break the habit of dictating—which I never
thought was so unpleasant till to-night—will
you help me?"

So, although Lillian's grand attempt ended,
as women's attempts generally do, where
there's a man she loves in the case—in a good
cry—there was the result attained, and both
Chauncey and she declared, on strict homeo-
pathic principles.

Border Tales.

A Woman's Fight With a Panther.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"Yes, it is a magnificent specimen," said
mine host, as he spread out upon the floor the
skin of a panther. "The animal from whose
back it came measured over eight feet, nearly
nine, in fact, from nose to tip of tail, and yet
it was killed in fair fight by a woman."

"By a woman?" I exclaimed, in astonish-
ment.

"Yes, by a woman, and she was my moth-
er," replied the old gentleman, a little proud-
ly.

"When we first settled here upon the creek,"
he continued, "the country was an unbroken
wilderness for many miles in every direction.
I don't believe that a stick of timber had been
cut by a white man within a radius of ten
miles, and our nearest neighbor lived over on
Salt River twice that distance."

"If ever there was a spot that might be
truly called a hunter's paradise this certainly
was it. Game of every kind, save buffalo,
which had long since disappeared, abounded in
the greatest plenty. And more than once I

have stood in that door there and dropped
back as he bounded through the opening be-